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MARCH, 1933
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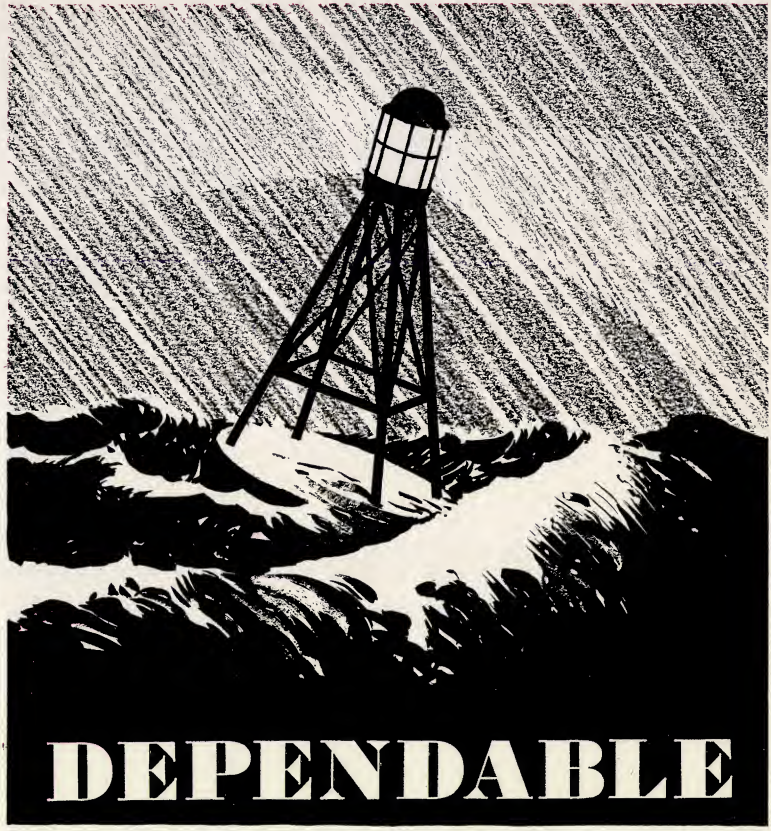

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The Improvement ERA

Volume 36, Number 5
MARCH, 1933

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
Harrison R. Merrill, *Managing Editor*
Elsie Talmage Brandley, *Asso. Editor*

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

AN article on Religion by Dr. Adam S. Bennion will be one of the features of the April number of the *Improvement Era*. This will be the seventh in a series which have dealt with "Challenging Problems of the Twentieth Century." Every article in the series has been outstanding, and Dr. Bennion's discussion of religion will bring series to a fine climax.

A NEW serial—"Forever or Never"—by Captain True B. Harmson, of Arizona, will begin in the April issue. The story will run in five or six issues of the magazine. Readers should plan to get started with the story.

TEN poems by one of the young poets who is a regular contributor to *The Improvement Era* will be featured in April. Decorations will be by Nelson White, the nationally known Salt Lake artist.

THE month of April is always important to the Latter-day Saints, for it is the date which is considered to be the actual birthday of Christ, and the anniversary of the organization of the Church. It is, frequently, the month of Easter, as well, and the cover for the April *Era* is to be in keeping with the significance of the events—a reproduction of Harwood's painting of the Master.

THE COVER

THE photograph on the cover is by Wilkes and is of the Rio de La Virgen, showing Mt. Majestic in the background. The color scheme is by Weiberg.

For Every Member of the Family

EDITORIALS

Leadership ..... *Harrison R. Merrill* 288
Cardston Adult Class Leads the Way ..... *Harrison R. Merrill* 288
Winds in March ..... *Elsie T. Brandley* 289

ARTICLES

What College Did To My Religion ..... *B. H. Roberts* 259
The Frontispiece ..... *Alice Merrill Horne* 262
Quaint Leap Year Customs ..... *Everett Spring* 263
The Family ..... *Amy Brown Lyman* 267
Fangs and Coils ..... *George Bergstrom* 273
Mercur—Ghost Town of the Oquirrhs ..... *Kenneth S. Bennion* 275
Our Century of Progress in Industry ..... *David Kinley* 278
How To Make Good Pictures Indoors ..... *W. Earl Lyman* 281
"Rio Virgen" ..... *Dave Rust* 282
Winter Sports in Yosemite ..... *Cristel Hastings* 284
Silver Linings ..... *Claire W. Noall* 296
Lights and Shadows on the Screen 298
Glancing Through ..... *Elsie T. Brandley* 299

FICTION

Hearts Can Ache Too ..... *Margaret C. Moloney* 264
Palmetto ..... *Daniel McQuarrie* 270

POETRY

Low Roofs ..... *Florence H. Townsend* 277
Spring ..... *Claire S. Boyer* 291
The Bible ..... *Virginia Eggertson* 295
To Verna ..... *Alice Lee Eddy* 295
Dawn ..... *Fava K. Parker* 295
The Hunger Song ..... *Hugh R. Ackley* 295
Jo Nell's Song ..... *Frances Hall* 295
The Wind ..... *Ruth Lindsay Brown* 295
Vision ..... *Estelle Webb Thomas* 295
Wind, My Brother ..... *Anne Zuker* 309
My Cottage ..... *Camille C. Nuffer* 311
Night Ride ..... *Grace Zenor Bratt* 313

DEPARTMENTS

Melchizedek Priesthood 301
Aaronic Priesthood 303
Mutual Messages
- Executive Department 306
- Adults 306
- Seniors 307
- M Men-Gleaners 307
- M Men 309
- Gleaners 310
- Juniors 310
- Bee-Hive Girls 311
- Boy Scouts 313

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"GRANITE PEAKS"—by Waldo Midgley

WHAT COLLEGE DID TO MY *Religion*

(An Article in the Atlantic Monthly, June, 1932, by Philip E. Wentworth)

By B. H. ROBERTS

President Roberts is never better than when he is defending the Church and its philosophy of life. In a world torn by conflicts, and the world has always been torn by conflicts arising from the changing visions of truth, articles of this sort are always found interesting and helpful. They act as teeth tearing at the cocoon in which people wrap themselves.

RECENTLY a friend called my attention to an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1932, under the above caption. The article is a frank confession of the destruction, utter and complete, of Mr. Wentworth's religion. He introduces the article by saying:

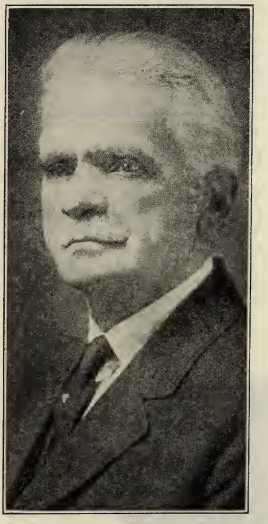
"To say that college does something to the average student's religion is to state a truth which will be conceded by anyone who has given the matter a moment's thought. Nine young men and women out of every ten who will receive their degrees this June would probably admit, if they were called to testify, that education has acted as a poison to their faith."

Then Mr. Wentworth adds:

"In many instances the virus generated by the reasoning processes induces only a mild distemper of skepticism, but in others it works like an acid, eating its way into the bump of credulity until in the end this estimable organ is completely corroded."

This, it must be admitted, is a very frank and a very serious statement of the results of contact of young "Christian" people with college life. Mr. Wentworth acknowledges this to be so up to the full value of it, by frankly confessing to a state of "apostasy," in his own case, an apostasy from "Orthodox Christianity."

In his youth Mr. Wentworth was reared after that strictest order of the sects of the Protestant religion, a Presbyterian, and registered for college to make preparation for the ministry of that Church. He chose as his school for preparation Harvard University, which wrecked his faith completely and turned him from the preparation for the Presbyterian ministry, or any ministry of the Christian persuasion.



B. H. Roberts

"Before I went to college, [Mr. Wentworth affirms], I was thoroughly at home in a universe which revolved about the central figure of an omnipotent Deity. In Cambridge I was suddenly plunged into another world. I found myself breathing a wholly different atmosphere. My teachers spoke a new language; their words were familiar enough, but the import of them was strange to me. It was essentially a difference in attitude and point of view."

HE traces in this *Atlantic Monthly* article by several steps, his efforts at readjustment to his orthodox faith, but to no purpose. He refers to himself as an "apostate." He refers to the "breaking down of Christianity," and to a "large company of young men and women [attendants at colleges] who now share the label [of apostate] with him." He says: "Thousands of young men and women go to college each year from homes more or less like mine, to return changed beyond recognition in all their ideas."

It is the closing paragraphs of this article to which my friend called my attention and presented to me as a "challenge" and desired to know what answer could be made to this article, embracing, as it does, a confession of destruction of faith by college contacts. In view of that I quote the part of the

article my friend submitted to me as said "challenge." It stands as follows:

"When religion begins to lose its hold upon the minds of men, as it is now doing with us, a peculiar thing happens. The Church is driven by its own weakness to shift its social responsibilities to other shoulders. Now there is only one other institution strong enough to take on new burdens in such an emergency, and it is an institution which, like the Church, has always been engaged in forcing a measure of parental control upon men who either would not or could not control themselves. This is the State. As religion becomes inoperative, governments are overworked.

"In America at the present moment there is ample evidence that this peculiar dislocation of function has already reached an acute stage. The ineffectiveness of Christianity as a social force is revealed, on the one hand, in an outbreak of crime the seriousness of which is common knowledge; and the government has not yet been able to devise satisfactory measures for dealing with it. The Church, on the other hand, aware of its weakness, aware that it can no longer command obedience to its teachings by the time-honored method of invoking the wrath of God is led to lean more and more heavily upon the State, borrowing secular support for purely religious injunctions. The sad plight of Christianity in Tennessee, which has had to call upon the law for official protection against evolution, is a symbol of spiritual decadence. National prohibition is another sign of the same thing writ large. Thus for some years the Churches have been abdicating in their own field and putting their faith in legal restraints.

"It is no accident, then, that the groups which are demanding ever more stringent laws to regulate our private lives are identical, almost to a man, with the religious groups in the population. It makes no difference whether they are Protestants clamoring for stricter enforcement of prohibition or Catholics agitating for stricter legislation regarding the dissemination of birth-control information. In both instances increasing pressure is being brought to bear upon government to take over the practical functions of religion—and for the obvious reason that religion, in its decay, is no longer able to do its work in the world.

"Though I am an apostate, I must admit, * * * that it gives me no satisfaction to realize what a large company of young men and women now share the label with me. But I see no help for it. The Church has lost its power to move us. Its conceptions seem as unreal to my generation as the Gods of ancient Greece.

"The breakdown of Christianity is particularly unfortunate in America, where our educators are so busy building new dormitories and thinking up new systems of instruction that they do not see how urgently the situation calls upon them to redefine the purposes for which their pedagogical machinery exists. In so far as the colleges destroy religious faith without substituting a vital philosophy to take its place, they are turning loose upon the world young barbarians who have been freed from the discipline of the Church before they have learned how to discipline themselves."

CHRISTENDOM has been brought to this pitiful state represented by Mr. Wentworth by fulfilling the prophecy of Isaiah, namely, by transgressing the laws and changing the ordinances and breaking the everlasting covenant of which the blood of the Christ is spoken of as being the covenant to be broken (cf. Isa. xxiv:1-7; Heb. xiii:20). This was the covenant that was to be broken, the Gospel covenant centered in the Christ, and sealed by his blood.

One of the most disastrous steps Christendom took in this direction was when it fixed limitations upon itself by denying continuous revelation to the Church. By doing this the Church placed an estoppage of the possibility of official enlargement of religious truths which set limits to that development, and left Christianity at a great disadvantage with a constantly progressive scientific knowledge that knows no limits, but advances with open mind into the ever enlarging field of knowledge of the truth.

Against this movement of ever advancing knowledge towards truth by the investigations and discoveries of gifted and conscientious men, the Churches adopted the policy of denunciation and suppression in the vain hope of confining the really unfolding truth to the limits they fixed upon it by their limitations of revelation.

The next false step taken by existing defective Christianity was when it lost faith in truth and appealed from the innate power of truth to stand in, and by, its own strength against error and sought the support of secular power—the authority of the State—to enforce orthodoxy and punish heresy by pains and penalties. Christendom forgot the glorious idea of the poet, John Milton, viz:

"Though all the winds of doctrine [heresy] were let loose to prey upon the earth; so truth be in the field, we do ingloriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

THIS policy of limiting by unbelief God's revelation of truth, followed by loss of confidence in the power of truth, and turning to secular forces—the State—has resulted in discrediting so-called Christianity until as stated by Mr. Wentworth, "education * * * spells the end of orthodoxy." This abandonment of the self-sufficiency of truth to stand by her own strength, Mr. Wentworth illustrates by saying that the Church shifts this responsibility to the State and makes known modern "religion's weakness by borrowing secular support for the enforcement of religious injunc-

tions." He instances in proof of this the "Protestant Churches' appeal for State enforcement of prohibition," the Catholic Church's agitation for "stricter legislation regarding the dissemination of birth-control information"; and "the sad plight of Christianity in Tennessee which called upon the law for official protection against teaching evolution in its schools;" and thus he claims that "for some years the Churches have been abdicating their own field and putting their faith in secular suppression and legal restraints."

To understand the effect of this more clearly it will be necessary to call attention to the fact that government, by which we mean at this moment, the means by which human conduct is somewhat controlled and enforced, consists really of two kinds: one "Moral Government," and the other generally recognized as "Effective Government."

MORAL Government is God's government and rests upon teaching the truth, leaving it by its innate force to win its way into the convictions of men and produce in them a self-control which will lead to adherence to truth, and hence to the right conduct as set forth by truth. This "Moral Government" rests upon "persuasion, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned, by kindness, and pure knowledge which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile, reproving betimes with sharpness when moved upon by the Holy Ghost;" but "no power or influence can or ought to be used," except by the principles named above, "and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love towards him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy." These are the forces operating in "Moral" or God's government.

"Effective Government" is man's government and ultimately rests upon force, compulsion, fines, imprisonment, death itself; it rests ultimately upon bayonets. This government is human and wholly human, and represents the power by which human decrees ostensibly work for the good of society; but it proceeds along the line of enforcement with penalties affixed to the laws that command certain things and forbid others: penalties of this or that being applied when the laws are transgressed, that is, punishments. Whatever may be conceded as to the necessity of enforcement of "Effective Government" for the purpose of restraining men from injuring one another, or to secure good order in society, it should never be invoked for enforcing orthodox beliefs or Church discipline.

When "Moral Government" forsakes its high functions of teaching truth and leaving that truth to win its way by its own force of reasonableness, beauty, and beneficent effects as applied to life and turns to the uses of "Effective Government," it abandons its field of religion, confesses its own weakness, and its lack of faith in the power of truth to stand upon its own merits and win its way. Such a course is a confession of weakness in "Moral Government," and this, whether done by direct means or indirect, (for in such matters as these any change, by the nature of the principle, that may not be made directly, is equally and morally prevented from being done indirectly). So, I say, the Churches turning to secular, "Effective Government," to enforce religious doctrines and discipline, abandon their legitimate sphere and enter one wholly repugnant to their principles. When Churches thus abandon their confidence in the power of truth, they play havoc with their own authority.

I THINK, however, my friend, who submitted to me this *Atlantic Monthly* article, had something more in mind when he presented this "challenge" to me, than the effect of this contact of young Christians of orthodox Churches with modern college life. He really desired to include within this "challenge" he sees in this *Atlantic Monthly* article, to the Church of which I am a member and asks to know the status of the Church of the New Dispensation in relation to this contact with modern knowledge as taught in the colleges and universities. It may well be so, for this Church of the New Dispensation has a different outlook upon religious and scien-

tific knowledge than orthodox Christendom has.

To begin with the New Dispensation Church has not bound itself to limits inconveniently narrow by denying revelation. She necessarily started with revelation to bring forth her initial truth, and has consistently continued to claim continuous revelation for a perpetuation of it. Her faith in respect to this is thus stated:

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God so far as it is translated correctly. We also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God. We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

This was stated so in 1842, and it is still our faith. This makes a very important distinction between the Church of the New Dispensation and the so-called orthodox Churches of modern Christendom. Here is no nailed-down limit of God: Deity is not silenced, He is unfolding spiritual truth or truths related to it; or necessary to its being properly understood. Here is room for the right application of that famous old Christian doctrine:

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. * * * Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." (St. Jas. 1:5-7).

HERE is access to the source of all knowledge and its attendant wisdom, no limits fixed to the knowledge that may be revealed of God: Deity is not silenced, he is to be considered and even sought for as free to reveal truth—all truth, as men are free to discover it by endless research for it. If this doorway to truth is kept open there is no likelihood of religious men being excluded from this divine source of knowledge; with the Prophet Daniel, who found his way through faith to the source of knowledge by revelation from God, one may say, as he exclaimed in ecstasy—"Blessed be the name of God forever and ever: for wisdom and might are his, and he changeth the times and the seasons. * * * He revealeth the deep and secret things. He knoweth what is in the darkness and the light dwelleth with him."

How firm must be the foundation of those who have this consciousness of access to God's volume of truth! Embarrassing limitations must be very far removed from them; and by the application of this principle to the Church of the New Dispensation in its contact with the unfolding knowledge of man's discoveries of truth in the universe and in life, as taught in the curriculums and textbooks of colleges and universities, setting forth really established truth is no occasion for alarm; because, as already pointed out, truth whether revealed of God or discovered by research of man, must be harmonious; and the conception of truth, brought to this status, must be the sum of all excellence and the ultimate attainment of perfection; than which, nothing can be more desired.

When it is remembered that this doctrine is fundamental in the Church of the New Dispensation, it must be apparent that no such *impasse* exists as that coupling defective orthodox Christianity with this destruction of faith by contact with the science-knowledge of the schools; for the Church of the New Dispensation is not limited to the imperfection of the Churches or incomplete revelations of past centuries, enforcing the acceptance of the old geocentric theory of the structure of the universe, or the limited time of duration for the existence of the world.

On the contrary the Church of the New Dispensation is free to accept the discovered truth of science; indeed, through her principle of believing in the harmony of all truth and in all that God has revealed, all that is now being revealed, and believing that he will yet reveal many and important things pertaining to his kingdom of truth, we may feel secure from such unseemly conflict with the discoveries that men have by research made. Indeed, examination of the revealed knowledge to the Church of the New Dispensation will disclose the fact that God revealed knowledge concerning the extent, glory and structure of the universe, that anticipated the modern discoveries of science at least by one hundred years, so that instead of the Church being in the rear of man's discoveries respecting the universe, she is in advance of them. The Church of the New Dispensation also will preserve her confidence in "Moral Government," in the power of truth to hold her sway by her own convincing, impelling power.

If it were true—as some are disposed to claim respecting her—that the New Dispensation Church has departed from her reliance upon revelation from God, as her trust for the enlargement and perpetuation of truth; if she has lost faith in the power of her truth to meet and triumph over error; if she should forsake reliance upon God's "Moral Government" for the administration of her Church doctrines or discipline, then, of course, she has written *"Mene, mene, tekel"*—"God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting"—across her title as the Church of God, and she has become as powerless as orthodox Christianity. Or should she do these things in the future, the same results would follow; but whatever aberrations may seize upon her, they will not be permanent. There will be speedy recovery, and return unto God who will fulfill his decrees respecting the Church of the New Dispensation of the fulness of times. It will never be destroyed, nor its work be given to another people.

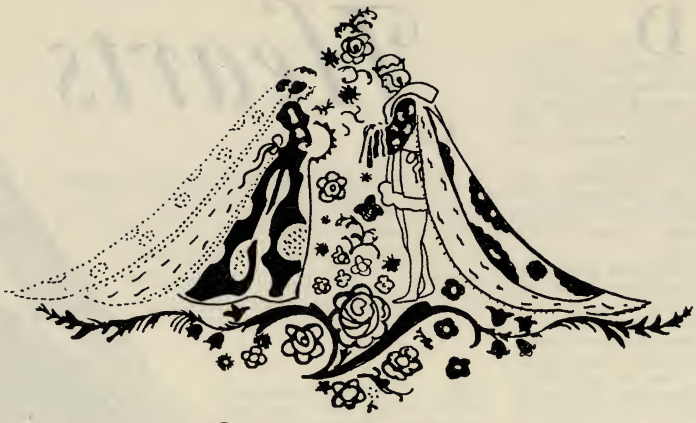
The Frontispiece

By Alice Merrill Horne

WALDO MIDGLEY, formerly of Utah, now of New York, who has a passion to paint the mountains of his native state, is introduced to advantage in the Frontispiece for the March Era, with his masterful "Granite Peaks." Midgley's first teacher, Mahonri Young, discovered the youth's talent, and set him on the path to achievement. In New York, at the Art Student's League he worked with Robert Henri, whose influence was of great moment to him. He was independent in outlook, and possessed a quick mental grasp; he went directly to the bottom of things, and evolved his own philosophy. He allows nothing to come between him and his inspiration. He goes direct to nature to paint his pictures.

In "Granite Peaks," though he could paint the very leaves on the trees, if he so desired, he uses a tempting mountain grove in the foreground, purely as a decoration to fill a certain space, and contents himself with a few brush strokes here so that you will not be distracted from the "Granite Peaks" which receive almost his whole power of painting, so that they rise in solid and rugged grandeur to be companions of the clouds.

This virile Utah painter was born a modern, and painted with rich, clean, brilliant color before the modern painter's cult appeared on the scene. Though he often was abused for his free use of color, it mattered nothing to him.



Quaint Leap Year Customs

By EVERETT SPRING

AWAY back in the days of Julius Caesar, about 45 years before our Savior was born, a philosopher from Alexandria, after taking counsel with a group of astronomers, decided that every four years should consist of 366 days, and thus there came into the calendar what is commonly known today as leap year.

The origin of the old custom for women to woo and not to be wooed during leap year is traced back to a legend of St. Patrick.

As the old story goes, the good man was walking along the shores of Lough Neagh after having "driven all the frogs from all the bogs and banished all the varmints," when he met St. Bridget, who, with tears and lamentations, informed him that trouble was brewing among the women of her district because they were not allowed to propose marriage to men.

St. Patrick was stern, but he offered to compromise by allowing the ladies the privilege they desired once every seven years. Then St. Bridget threw her arms around St. Patrick's neck and begged him to make it one year in four.

"Ah, Bridget," St. Patrick is said to have replied, "squeeze me that way again and I'll give you leap year, the longest one in the lot."

THEN the future St. Bridget, encouraged to this extent, thought of her own husbandless condition and popped "the" question to St. Patrick.

But St. Patrick had already taken the vow of celibacy, so he had to patch up her wounded heart with a kiss and a silken gown. And ever since that time if a man refuses a leap-year proposal he must pay the penalty of a kiss and a silken gown.

This quaint legend, of course, has the earmarks of a myth pure and simple, but it is recorded in several old books, and must have been taken seriously in several countries.

Scotland had a leap-year law in 1288 which was actually enforced. Here is the English translation of the curious edict:

"It is a statute and ordained that during the reign of Her Blessed Majesty for every year known as leap-year every maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have the liberty to bespeak the man she likes, and should he refuse to take her to be his lawful wife he shall be fined in a sum of pounds, more or less, as his estate may be large or small, unless he can prove that he is already betrothed to another woman, in which case he may go free."

NOT many years after this there was a similar law in France, which received the King's approval. The story is told that numbers of maidens took advantage of it.

In Genoa and Florence there was a law of this sort in effect during the days of Christopher Columbus, and one of his biographers hints at the time, during leap year, when several ladies proposed to him, he escaped their wiles because he was already betrothed.

In England during the early eighteenth century the men made merry on the 29th of February, often climbing on barrels of liquor to drink the health of the women they expected would propose to them. In the rural districts homely men paraded the streets, sighing as they passed the girls, "Woe is me, no lady will propose to me."

In the days of King Henry VIII, Will Somers, the court jester, furnished merriment for the King by having the maids at the royal palace propose to him in the presence of

(*Continued on page* 300)

Hearts

This is a story which carries a bit of educational possibility with it, for after reading it, one is almost certain to go to a book or a doctor to find out what a "migraine head" actually is. And after that, the meaning of the title becomes quite clear.

DR. KEVIN BURKE, noted migraine specialist, glanced at the headlines of his evening paper paying little heed to any of them until the word "Migraine" caught his attention, as the word never failed to do.

"Humph!" he grunted, and shook the paper as if trying to free the ad of the hokum he suspected before reading it again—slowly, speculatively—

"For sale Migraine head. Delivery at death. Mary Carroll, 147 Pine Street, City."

The doctor leaned back in his chair and squinted at the ceiling.

"I wonder now," he pondered, "if that's a joke of some of the lads. Still, some poor old woman" —he thought of his beloved old grandmother, gone now this long time, who had suffered much with the ache of her head, "might have heard that talk at the Dispensary Hall, and—I'll see what's in it," he said characteristically, tearing the ad out and slipping it into his notebook. "Just for dear old Granny's sake," he said softly to himself, and sighed, for the little old lady who had suffered all her lifetime with an aching head had been mighty dear to the orphan lad. Her memory was mighty dear to the famous migraine specialist.

"Sure, I don't want your head, my dear," he said to the advertiser, "but, you may as well be using some of Granny's money, as the next one."

IT didn't take long for the doctor to reach Mary Carroll's place of residence—one of those dingy old rooming houses within walking distance of the downtown business section.

A tall thin old lady with twinkling eyes and a cheery voice—that's all there was about her noticeable —save the stamp of hard cruel years—opened the door at his ring.

"Miss Carroll?" asked the doctor, gently.

"No, I'm not Miss Carroll," the hearty voice rang out as if it had no patience with those gentle tones of the medic. "But, I suppose you are Dr. Burke?" The doctor nodded and stepped inside, and when she had closed the outer door she spoke again. "Down the hall, this way, and mind you don't bark your shins on some of those useless chairs they keep stuck around in the dark corners. Why, I don't know." The old lady stepped out briskly, with a little limp, and the doctor following slowly, had to strangle the impulse to tiptoe, so dark and still was the place, like a tomb. The cheery old lady had no difficulty making her way down the dark corridor, but the doctor coming along blindly, hailed with a glad exclamation the turn which brought him into the light of an open door. He was impatient to see the little old lady of the migraine head. The cheerfulness of his guide was bewildering under the circumstances.

When the hall door was closed the guide lost her cheerfulness suddenly.

"I'm Miss Coleman," she said abruptly. "Miss Carroll has asked me to talk to you for her. I'm worried to death about the child."

"Child!" said Dr. Burke, ignoring the chair Miss Coleman proffered. "You don't mean she is a child?"

"Shh," cautioned Miss Coleman. "She's in the next room there."

"But may I see her? I must see her. You're not doing this unknown to her? How old is she?"

"Now, young man, don't get excited," Miss Coleman grinned at him much as Granny had done when he was very small. "If you'll sit down, I'll tell you all about it—as quickly as I can. Patience is not one of your virtues I see; but, thank God, you're not irritable. I can't abide irritable folks."

THE doctor sat down in the chair that might have been

Can Ache Too

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

He took up all the waking hours of Mary Carroll. The woods rang with their laughter. Four glorious weeks had Mary—then—

designed for a torture rack, so uncomfortable it was, and swinging one leg over the other, grinned. "Spill it," he said, disrespectfully, and that very disrespect won the heart of the twinkly old lady.

"She's always been a frail child. Yes, she's a child. Twenty-six. She has no relatives. That may, or may not be a misfortune. A stenographer, and a good one, although her ambition is to write a b o o k—got it started, if you please." Miss Coleman smiled proudly. "Up to the time she got this cold, she was the merriest, bravest child in the world, although her life has been one headache after another—worked to death, that's all. She read your speech and got the notion of selling her head. I tried to talk her out of it, but couldn't and now she wants me to make the arrangements with you, so that she won't have to see you at all. And that's that." Miss Coleman lost her cheerfulness completely and sighed, wearily.

The doctor sat awhile, thinking, then he shut his lips t i g h t, a gesture that meant a lot to those who knew him.

"I've got to see her. Tell her I'll make arrangements with you, but I want to see her."

"It's hard on her, but, sure, and I can see your point," said Miss Coleman. "I'll tell her."

There was no cheerfulness about her at all when she returned.

"Come in," she said, "but make it as easy for her as you can, please."

NATURALLY, Dr. Burke was accustomed to sick people, but the wan face, with the cooling wet cloth over the eyes, tense mouth, indicating the effort that was being made for control of tortured nerves — and bronze hair curling in tight ringlets —he stood a second studying those curls. "They'd be glorious in the wind, and the sun," he thought —he who had never in all his thirty-five years given a thought to a woman, other than to cure her of some ailment.

His silence threw the sick girl into a panic.

"Please, Doctor," she pleaded, pressing the cool cloth close to aching eyes, and throbbing temples. "Colie will talk to you. I—can't." She drew a quivering breath. Another minute and she'd be in hysterics the doctor realized.

"All right," he said, pleasantly. "It is not necessary for you to be bothered with the arrangements. But, I'm going to give you a powder, which you'll take—just to please an old crotchety doctor, and go to sleep." He patted the hand that pressed the cloth, and turning winked at Miss Coleman. "Give Miss Carroll this, please, and then we'll get down to business. I'll wait in your room."

When Miss Coleman joined him there after giving the sleeping potion he favored her with a very disapproving stare.

"A spoiled young lady," he said, "and by you, no doubt. Not a bit of reason for that girl to be wasting her life like that, not—."

"Don't talk like a simpleton, Dr. Burke," Miss Coleman interrupted him savagely. "Is that child able to do office work—any kind of work? Am I able to work for her?" and Miss Coleman held up two poor old hands twisted by rheumatism, age, and hard work.

Dr. Burke came out of his chair with a bound and taking the two poor old hands held them tight in his two strong dependable ones.

"I didn't get to finish. You interrupted me. I mean to say that it will be all your fault if she isn't given her chance."

He released her hands and wrote out a check that made the twinkly old lady demur.

"Not that much, Doctor, dear. She wouldn't accept it."

"Now, Madam," the doctor argued with affected severity, "it will be your little chore to make her accept it. I leave that to you. You have authority to make arrangements? Well. I want you to take her up to the North Woods—I'll write out all directions for you, and in no time you'll have a fine healthy young woman for your pains."

"All right," Miss Coleman laughed. "You're the doctor. Here's some note paper. Make everything plain, for I'm a stupid old woman—about traveling."

A SHORT time after Miss Coleman went to the door with her caller, and as she made her way back through the dark hall she grinned as if she rather relished the round she was in for. The patient was sleeping peacefully. But the next morning the battle waged furiously for a time.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the patient. "That isn't business. It's ridiculous."

Finally Colie played her trump.

"I'd spare you if I could, darling," she sniffed, "but I can't do a day's sewing any more with my half blind eyes and poor crippled hands. I'd work for the two of us, you know that—if I could."

Mary Carroll was outwitted. She knew that Miss Coleman was not thinking of herself, but—she lay very quiet for a time while Miss Coleman prepared her breakfast. Pride? Why should she worry about silly pride for the short time she had to live, when she could give this valiant old lady comforts that she had never known for the rest of her years.

"All right, Colie," she announced cheerily. "We'll take the affluent old doctor's money and have one grand fling. Did he stipulate how we should spend it?"

"No," said Colie, "but he suggested the North Woods; and he

"I didn't get to finish. You interrupted me. I mean to say that it will be all your fault if she isn't given her chance."

asked me to phone him this morning if you'd go there."

"North Woods?" said the patient, thoughtfully.

"He did make one stipulation, though, dear," said Colie hesitantly.

Mary Carroll's eyes closed quickly and she shrank as if from a blow.

"It's nothing terrible, Mary," Colie assured her, gathering her up in her arms. "He only asks that you write him a letter every week.

The Patient brightened.

"That's the first thing about the whole deal that sounds like business," she said. "He's entitled to a report, of course."

The journey was hard on the sick girl, but she stood it like the brave girl that had toiled on and on in spite of handicaps. Everything had been provided to make things easy for the two women—even to a cot all made up, with the covers turned back, on the screened-in porch of the log lodge. The patient was tucked in by her exuberant nurse, and it was hours before she awoke. The sun had worked itself around to the west where it could look in under the cedar shingles, and smile on the sleeping girl. The baby white caps on the lake were waving boisterously, trying to call the sleeper out for a swim, but their gurgling laughter succeeded only in mingling with her dreams; the magnificent birches, on guard to see that the warm-hearted old sun did not overdo its welcome, leaned one toward another, whispering pityingly, then swung back and forth, back and forth, wafting through the screens the fragrance of the woods. Saucy red squirrels perched high in the branches of the mighty trees, scolded about the deadly work of civilization as evidenced by the pale face on the pillow.

Mary opened her eyes and lay

(*Continued on page* 315)

The Family

By AMY BROWN LYMAN

*"To Latter-day Saint parents generally the most important thing in life, aside from the gospel itself, is their children and children's children," Mrs. Lyman declares in this article, and in this same article says, "Strange as it may seem, the family has been taken so much for granted that it is the last of the social institutions to receive its proper share of attention * * *." Here she has laid plainly before us the factors which make and break families.*

THE basic institutions of society today are the family, the church, the state, the school, and the industrial order. Of these the family is by far the most important and fundamental. It is true the functions of these institutions are so closely interrelated that it is difficult to separate them or to judge definitely of their relative importance, yet it is generally conceded that the family is the beginning and basis of all social order.

The family being thus so important and fundamental to society, it naturally follows that the most vital concern of society should be the conservation and promotion of the family and its restoration and rehabilitation where necessary. And strange as it may seem the family has been taken so much for granted that it is the last of the social institutions to receive its proper share of attention and the consideration its great importance justifies.

It also follows that any agency which devotes itself effectively to family welfare and to the enrichment of family life is making one of the greatest and most important contributions to human society.

The family begins with marriage which is the joining together of two personalities in the closest and most intimate social relationship known to mankind. It is the union of two mates and the union of these mates with their offspring. It is the assumption of society that the husband and wife contemplate a life-long companionship, for the permanency of marriage has been the ideal of all civilized peoples. The family has its own habitation where its life may go on more or less protected from outside influences and where it may establish its own attitudes and standards. Its major function is the reproduction of life, with the care and development of offspring, and the conservation of the social heritage.

THROUGH the family, as a biological institution, comes physical survival—the reproduction of life and thus the reproduction of society. And since the main business of life is the carrying on of life this is its primary function. The reproduction of life, however, comprehends not only the bearing of children but also their physical and mental preservation and development, and their adjustment to society. The family insures the proper physical care during the prolonged and helpless period of infancy and furnishes the best opportunity for further and extended development of offspring to maturity which covers a period of years. The family also cares for its members who are weak, helpless, sick or unfortunate, and protects its aged. In no other group is there the same altruism, sympathy, and love, the same self-sacrifice. It is interesting to note that in no other place do human beings flourish as they do in the family. It has been demonstrated by child placing agencies that children who are brought up in public institutions do not thrive as do those brought up in the family, and by child guidance clinics that maladjustments in individuals are often the result of the lack of home influence. Even the average foster home is considered better than the best institution. The strongest thing in life is family affection and love.

Second only to the biological importance of the family is its social significance which is two fold. It is, first, a socializing agency, shaping and developing personality and family life generally; and, secondly, it is the chief medium for transmitting culture and traditions from generation to generation.

Someone has aptly said that "Family life is a school for socializing its members and indirectly for socializing society." It is a powerful influence in building the personality of the child which psychologists now claim is largely the result of habit. In the home the child gets his first lessons in government, religion, and industry. Through the relationships here he learns the meaning of love and service; self-sacrifice and self-restraint; obedience and authority. The members of the family learn to cooperate, to adjust to one another, to adjust to conditions, and to rules and standards of the home. The home environment thus plays a large part in the development or lack of development of its members.

Language, ideas, ideals, beliefs, habits, and traditions are passed on through the family; so also are prejudices and superstitions.

THE primitive family was not only a biological institution and a conserver of the social order as it is today, but it was also in addition the educational, the religious, and the economic unit of social life. These latter functions have now, in the main, gone to other social institutions. The school has separated from the fireside and within itself has become a great social organization. While

it has taken over the formal education of children it still recognizes that within the home begins intellectual and moral development. Religion which once consisted of private ceremonials and worship in the home has gone to the church. The home, however, is not overlooked as a great factor and influence in religion as well as in morals and education. The home is now subservient to the state in the matter of authority. Industrial activity has been largely removed from the home to the shop and factory and mass production by great and powerful machinery is taking the place of individual hand work in the home. In early times the production of food, clothing, utensils, furniture, and the providing of shelter were all taken care of in the home. The old economic system of simple barter has changed to the complicated exchange of the present time.

In recent years the family has been the subject of much discussion and criticism and there seems to be a confusion of ideas concerning it. Those critics who represent the more radical observers contend that its maintenance is seriously threatened; that there is much general confusion, instability and inefficiency in family life; that both parents and children are away from home too much; that social failures of the home are apparent on every side; that divorce, desertion, separation, adult and juvenile delinquency are on the increase, indicating that the family is surely disintegrating, if not collapsing. And some even ask "what good is the family anyway?"

Others, speaking for the conservatives, (who are, by the way, greatly in the majority) claim that there is substantial evidence to prove that the family is not undergoing any fundamental change. They admit that many of the social evils today are the result of the family's failure to function adequately; that the family is certainly being greatly influenced by its environment—by the changing world, and in its effort to adjust to its surroundings is meeting with stress and strain and is suffering disturbances and sustaining losses; and that stupendous effort should be put forth to stabilize and conserve it. But they have faith in its vitality and permanency and feel that people should not be stampeded by criticism. They point out that the family is not alone to blame for the social lapses and evils of the day, that the other social institutions are also responsible.

A Mormon Family raised on wholesome Family Play, Family Reunions, Fireplace Story Hours, Backyard Bonfires, Father-Directed Hikes, Home Evenings, Home Parties, Neighborhood Picnics, School Socials, and Church Gatherings. When this family moved into the heart of Los Angeles four years ago its closely integrated home life held it together amid the disturbing and disintegrating forces of big-city life.

Walter won for himself and church high honors at the University of Southern California, being elected to Phi Beta Kappa and the editorship of the El Rodeo, the student annual. Last spring Dorothy won the scholarship prize at the Manual Arts High School, an institution of more than 3,000 students. Selena was made director of one of the municipal recreation centers. Ruth won honors and memberships in scholarship clubs at the Junior College. Billy was elected captain of the Manual Arts Competitive Gymnastic team, and Jimmy, the youngest boy, captained athletic and gymnastic teams at the James Foshay Junior High School and was recently elected president of Phi Chi Omega, an organization of Southern California boy "pioneers."

NOR is the family alone the recipient of modern criticism generally; the school, the church, and industry are also criticized. Critics go so far as to say that all human institutions are threatened and that a crisis in American civilization is at hand.

Social workers, generally, being constantly in touch with families have, as a rule, come to believe very strongly in the permanency of the family institution; and while they admit families are not meeting desired standards, they are constantly marveling at the strength and power of family life today. One such worker in commenting on this subject recently said, "No one knows better than social workers how hard it is genuinely to modify a family let alone do away with it; if people who are now so alarmed or rejoiced over the breakdown of the family unit would only try their hands at changing a few families radically they would be astounded at the difficulties encountered." Let anyone who thinks the family is going to pieces try to break up a family (for this is sometimes recommended in the interest of children where parents are immoral or mentally unbalanced) and he will find that it is almost humanly impossible to carry out any such a plan.

A boy and girl were recently asked if they thought the family was any good. The boy said, "Well, I should say so; if you get an "A" you want to take it home and show it." The girl said, "Well, but you don't get "A's" all the time; you sometimes get "E's," and you want a home to take them to." This indicates that even with children there is a feeling that in success or failure the family is the one place to which its members can freely bring their joys and successes, their sorrows, and failures. In the normal, well adjusted family there is a strong tendency to hang together no matter what comes and even when the members become separated the tie is not weakened. In unstable families, however, the bond is not secure.

All students and critics of the

family are agreed on two points: first, that the family is being greatly affected by the striking changes which are taking place in modern life and which multiply its problems; and secondly, that the family should not be left to struggle and battle alone.

A consideration of some of the changes which have affected and are affecting the family, and of some of the problems which beset it will indicate something of what the family has faced and is facing today. The changes in brief are:

(1) The separation from the family of other social institutions and later their encroachment upon it, (for example the separation, and later the encroachment of industry);

(2) The movement toward individualism or the emancipation of the individual from the control of the group, which really started with the Reformation and has been growing in momentum as time has gone on. It is generally accepted today that every individual has his worth, and his right to personality; that no man, woman, or child should be obliged to live solely to serve the family; that family control is secondary to the rights of the individual. These ideas are in a measure in conflict with traditions and customs, and against any form of restraint;

(3) The emancipation of woman which has changed her position legally, politically, educationally, and economically. For ages the father stood alone as head of the family and the mother was a "perpetual minor." She was, in fact, little more than a slave and had to submit to many things which the woman of today would not for a moment endure. The modern conception is that of a headship more in the form of a council with two heads, father and mother. The new status of woman, by the way,—giving her freedom and equality was very trying on man. He had not been worried when she took time from the care of her children to work in the fields, or to do menial labor in her own home or in the homes of others, but when she entered industry and the professions and was his competitor, his heart was wrung with grief lest she should neglect her children and family duties. And indeed the pendulum has now swung so far that many, even women themselves, are wondering what the outcome is going to be. It is practically certain, however, that when woman has had as many centuries of opportunity as man has had she will adjust and find her proper place;

Amy Brown Lyman

(4) The Industrial Revolution which removed practically all industry from the home where it had been from the beginning of time, and which gave economic independence to women, was probably the most radical change the family and society has encountered. And the industrial conditions today with over production, and with unemployment everywhere indicate further drastic changes;

(5) Modification of the attitude toward children in the direction of freedom, equality, and opportunity. The three White House Conferences on child health and protection, and the establishment of the Children's Bureau stand out as the factors which have contributed most to the gains for children in the United States and even in the world at large.

Other changes are: (6) New freedom generally; (7) enforced leisure; (8) new and cheap methods of transportation; (9) moving pictures; (10) complexity of civilization; (11) high standards of living, especially in the United States; (12) the depression and other unfavorable results of the World War.

In addition to these changes which have affected the family there are the old ever-present social problems and evils which tend to strain individuals to the breaking point, tear down family ideals and standards, and break up homes, resulting too often in divorce, separation, desertion, and delinquency, unless adjustments can be satisfactorily and promptly made. These are poverty, sickness and disease, both mental and physical, death of bread-winner, crime, unemployment, illegitimacy, prostitution, intemperance, and last but not least, family tensions, both within and without the home, which become more severe as life becomes more complex.

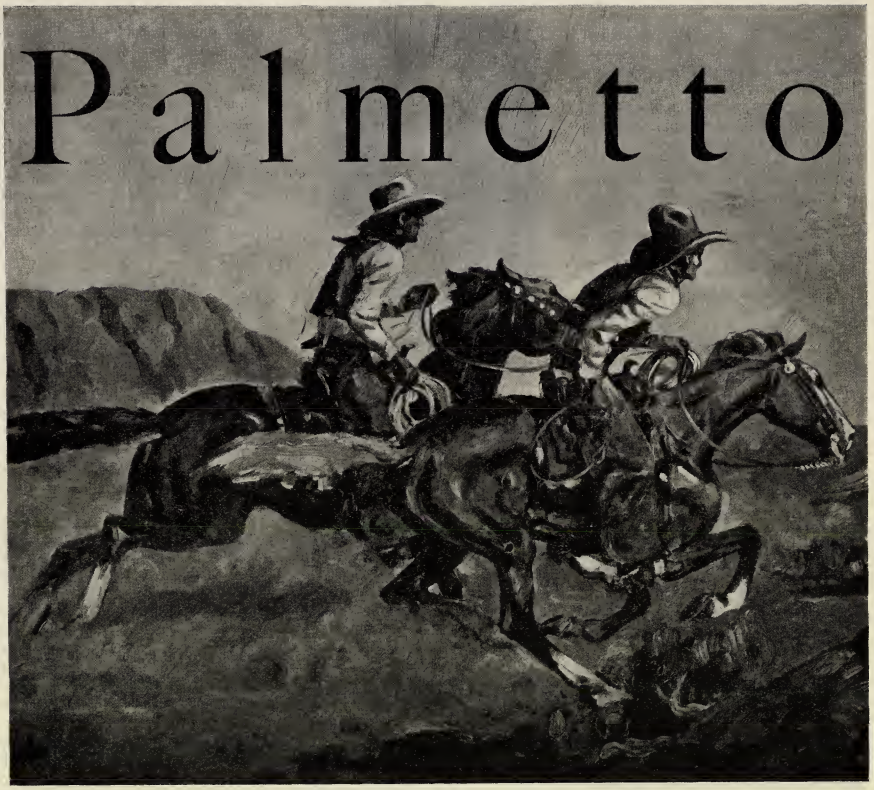
AND what causes family tensions? Among the causes are lack of preparation for marriage; lack of training for parenthood; lack of ability on part of men to make a living—many of them entering matrimony who, before marriage, were never able to buy their own clothing; poor housekeeping and home-making because girls and women have not been trained to sew, cook, mend, darn and patch, let alone to manage a house or care for children; poor vocational adjustment; struggle between small income and desire to spend, often resulting in installment buying and straight debts; cramped quarters in apartments; new life situations of parents and children; change regarding parental authority; difference between the generations; dull monotonous family life; misunderstanding between mates.

Misunderstanding between mates is quite common, for marriage is the most difficult adjustment human beings make, and many home partnerships are not willing to compromise and cannot or will not endure strain. The same patience and allowances are needed with human machines as are generously extended to machines of iron and steel. The man who will wait patiently 15 minutes or a half hour for his car to warm up is often the acme of impatience if he has to wait five minutes for his wife. Probably the most frequent causes of serious misunderstanding between man and wife are differences of religion, nationality, or race; next to these are disparity of age, marriage and remarriage for economic reasons, and interference of relatives.

Any program for the conservation of the family should be based upon an understanding of its place and functions, its relationship to

(*Continued on page* 290)

Palmetto



JUST across the boundary line of Utah in the center of a level wind-swept plateau, which is skirted by blue mountains, and crossed only by a low ridge, covered with cedars, lies Pipe Springs, like an oasis in the desert.

Here the brave, hardy and foolhardy rangers make their camp, corral tough ponies, and twice each year, gather great herds of range cattle from the plateau and the mountains beyond it. In the summer when the sun is hot, and the wind is dry with dust, when the lakes in the mountains are dry, and the tiny springs evaporate before they reach the troughs, the wild mustangs steal in, gorge themselves with cool water, and again seek their home in the mountains.

The wind had blown clouds of dust before it since morning, and the sandy slopes were covered with little reefs, like ripples on the sea. In the evening the breeze had died away. I lay against my saddle, watching the cook at his work, and idly digging a hole in the ground with my spur. Glancing to the west, I saw three men riding toward camp.

"Hurry up, Pete," I said, "here come the boys, and they'll be as hungry and tired as their horses."

"But I looked upon the foaming Palmetto, who had so gallantly shown his worthiness to be free. I thought of his seven mile run before he had reached the ridge."

FAR across the plain, on a distant mountain, the sun cast his last glance over the distant ranges, as if to see if all were well. Just as he reluctantly sank, leaving the west aglow with his splendor, the boys came riding into camp. Scarcely had they thrown off their saddles, before Pete called "chuck." We sat by the fire and ate as only people can who enjoy perfect health, and have faced the fresh wind on horseback all day.

"Well, Kid," said Clyde Roper, called "Cly" by the fellows and girls in town, and Roper by the rangers, "you missed it by not coming with us today."

I asked what the day had done for them, but, at that moment Cly's attention was attracted, since Pete had just removed the lid from the bake-oven, so Don Ricker, the oldest of us, was left to supply the detail.

But Don simply said, "O, we saw Palmetto and his bunch."

Harvey, a half breed, and a skilful horseman, said

Palmetto was a showy, clay-bank horse, flowing silver mane and tail, king of the wild bands—Dan McQuarrie was just a boy—a kid—out riding the range for sport with Cly and Don and the others. While the tears were still misty in his eyes and the lump was in his throat he wrote this classic of the hard riders.

◆

"Wild as him; poor old Kitchen, he loved those mares; shipped them from the East."

Harvey broke in, "He 'lowed he'd raise a band uv beauties with them bay mares."

Clyde continued, "He rode a sheep-skin for two years to save money enough to buy 'em, but he won't ketch 'em on a sheep-skin. I wonder where they water; his is the only band that ain't been in this summer. They've had a lake but it's done."

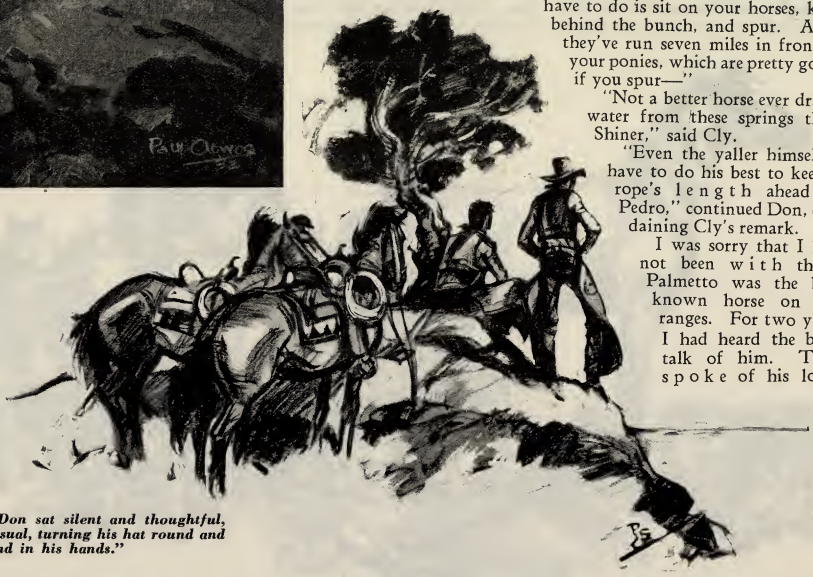
Don seemed to be wise on every subject. "They looked dry."

AFTER supper, I braided a quirt, and Harvey and Cly told me more of Palmetto. Don, however, brooded over the dying coals. I was sure the picture he studied there was the yellow mustang leading his band. At length he spoke; all listened; "They'll be in tomorrow. The kid and me'll go out on the ridge. You boys stay here at Pipe, and keep your horses fresh. When they get all the water they'll drink, all you have to do is sit on your horses, keep behind the bunch, and spur. After they've run seven miles in front of your ponies, which are pretty good, if you spur—"

"Not a better horse ever drank water from these springs than Shiner," said Cly.

"Even the yaller himself'll have to do his best to keep a rope's length ahead of Pedro," continued Don, disdaining Cly's remark.

I was sorry that I had not been with them. Palmetto was the best known horse on the ranges. For two years I had heard the boys talk of him. They spoke of his long, golden mane and tail, of his fine head and long neck, and especially of his wonderful endurance and speed. Consequently, as I kicked off my boots and lay down by the fire, my last thoughts were



"Don sat silent and thoughtful, as usual, turning his hat round and round in his hands."

"I'd swap a corral full of yearlings to get within a rope's length of that horse."

I asked if the "Bar X" mares were with him. Cly smiled over his tin plate for an answer, and said,

of Palmetto and tomorrow's run.

* * * *

About noon, Don and I saddled and set out for Cedar Ridge, which crosses the desert seven miles west of Pipe Springs. I was proud as a peacock, and sat easily in my saddle, thinking the chink, chink, chink of my spurs, as they kept time with the sensible horse's even pace, the sweetest music on earth. I wondered why I had been chosen to run the last lap with Don. I knew, even though he were quiet and cynical, that his heart was set on Palmetto; and that today he meant to capture him. When we reached the ridge it was one o'clock. We dismounted and sat on a rock under a cedar. Don sat silent and thoughtful, as usual, turning his hat round and round in his hands.

I looked from my tall bay, Jimmy, to his brown Mexican Pedro, with a browner line down his back, always a sign of toughness and endurance. Shortly Don looked up at my horse. "That's a horse to be proud of," he said, "but he wouldn't do for me. I need a horse that'll carry a large man for weeks and hunt his fodder at night, with his hobbles on, like old Peed;" and he arose and placed his hand on his horse's neck. Looking at Jimmy, he said, "That's the horse the boss give you when you won the Johnson stakes a couple of seasons ago, ain't he?" I nodded. "You was only twelve then. You're taller now, but little heavier."

"Don't you wish you were my weight for today?" I asked. He pointed toward Pipe.

"After that yaller's been run across that stretch—well, we'll see," he continued.

SUDDENLY we riveted our eyes on the mouth of a canyon which opened into a plain, about ten miles to the southwest. Far up we saw a cloud of dust moving toward us, and we knew that a band of horses trotted beneath it. Nearer, nearer, it came. Finally, as the horses came in view, Don observed:

"That's them. I see the white legs of the little mare. I never saw the yaller when she wasn't by his side."

Soon I was able to distinguish the noble stallion himself, like a prince, leading his band across the dusty desert. When they came to the base of the ridge, a quarter of a mile below us, their kingly leader stopped. Instantly his followers threw their heads into the air and stood stark still.

I had never imagined that Palmetto was so beautiful. His tail touched the ground. His long mane quivered against his knees. He threw his proud head above all the rest and snorted loud. But we were well concealed. Then he whinnied. But our horses knew better than to answer; besides, our fingers clutched tight their nostrils. Again he began his march, testing every step, but when he gained the other side of the ridge, he "lined out" on a long, steady trot. The pretty little white footed bay mare, with her little ears set back on her black mane, and her slim neck thrust forward, stole along beneath him. On the other side trotted a sturdy black. Then came the three mares, and so on down, each horse having its rank. Our eyes followed the dust as it moved on towards the springs.

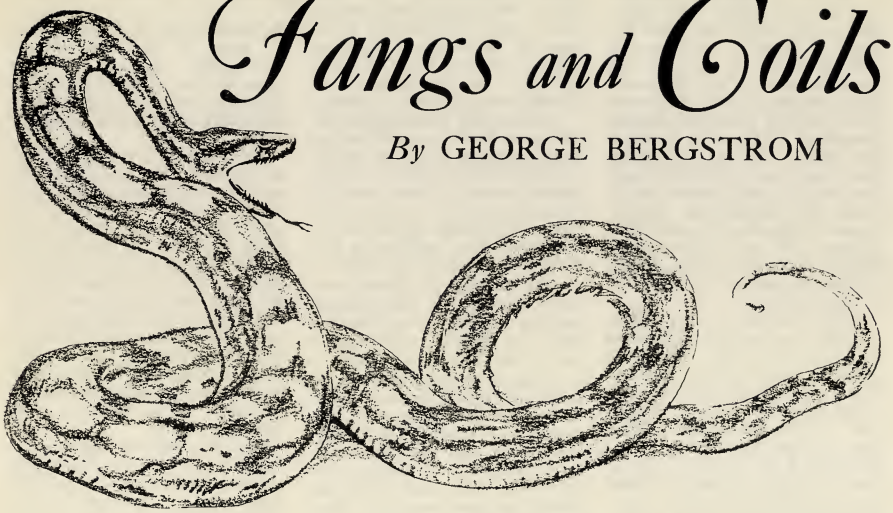
Don was sure that we were scented, and that Palmetto would lead them south when he returned, so we mounted and rode on half a mile below the trail. We dis-

(*Continued on page* 293)

"A quarter of a mile below us, their kingly leader stopped. Instantly his followers threw their heads into the air and stood stark still."

Fangs and Coils

By GEORGE BERGSTROM



What happens when a King Snake and a Rattler meet? The Rattler is poisonous, the King is not. In this story by a Scouter from California you will find the answer. By the way, the King Snake is found in Zion National Park, but is rarely if ever seen farther north.

FOR nearly an hour a hundred happy youngsters had been singing camp songs with more or less harmony and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks at the comical campfire stunts, and now as the glowing embers burned low, their flickering flames dancing and lighting each countenance, the youngsters drew closer together and settled down for the dessert of the day's program; the thrill of campfire, the Chief's story.

A large golden moon was just thrusting its upper rim over the adjacent mountain peaks, casting its creamy rays over the beautiful forest of giant conifers and alders, clothing them in some magic ethereal light that seems to project a spell over those caught in its environs.

The Chief had taken his usual place within the small circle, but before he had a chance to begin his story, a hand in the outer circle went up and a lad made a sign that he wanted to speak.

"What is it Donald?" asked the Chief.

"While we were in the Hills today we saw the prettiest snake. It was black, red, and yellow, and some of the boys wanted to kill it; they said it was a poisonous adder; is that true?"

"No, Don, it was undoubtedly a Scarlet King Snake, as we have no Coral Snakes in these California mountains. It was a very valuable and harmless variety, in fact they make good pets, and allow anyone to handle them if you don't touch the head, where they are very sensitive."

"I heard they killed rattlesnakes," piped up another youngster.

"Yes, that is true. I saw such a fight one time in the Greenhorn Mountains just below Sunday Peak. It was a real fight, too."

"Oh! Tell us the story," came from a half-dozen lusty voices all talking at the same time, "Please do," they chorused.

THE Chief held up his hand for quiet and instinctively the entire group edged closer to the now dying embers, and gazed with satisfaction on their purple and violet depths.

The Chief began:

Several years ago I was in charge of a large group of boys on Alder Creek, in the Greenhorn Mountains, and late one afternoon Stan Bundy and Vic Harrison were standing on a rustic bridge we had constructed over the turbulent stream and talking enthusiastically over the prospective trek to Sunday Peak, scheduled for the following three days.

A slight movement at the base of a large alder attracted their attention, and imagine their surprise when they saw a black, red, and yellow snake emerging from a hole near the ragged roots of the alder tree and presently a long, slim, shining body was crawling sinuously toward a patch of sunlight in the open glade, a short distance away.

He was a beautiful specimen, they noticed, nearly three and a half feet in length and about two inches in diameter. His beautiful scale-like body was encircled with transverse bands of red, yellow and black, each band nearly three quarters of an inch wide, and arranged alternately for the entire length of the body. His black snapping eyes, black snout and fairly distinct head with a band of white broadening out toward the temples, seemed to offset his lithe symmetrical form. He was a Scarlet King Snake and one of the most colorful reptiles that preyed continually on all small rodents.

Both Stan and Vic kept quiet, watching the beautiful shimmering body in the sunlight, wondering where its mate was if he had one. Other questions also arose in their minds, such as: Was he dangerous? What did he eat? What was the little forked tongue for? How did it hear without external ears? Just at this time I chanced to step upon the bridge, having approached without their knowledge.

They immediately motioned for me to be quiet, and as I joined them the King Snake started to glide slowly and smoothly for a patch of trampled down willows, not very far away, evidently sensing some danger.

KNOWING the tendency of this species to accustom themselves to humans after being in captivity for some time, I immediately started in pursuit and with the help of the two boys finally caught the fast moving reptile, being careful not to touch its sensitive head or squeeze its elongated body unnecessarily. We soon had some twenty-five or thirty boys around us, all eager for information, asking all kinds of questions about the snake, its habits, likes and dislikes, most of which we were able to answer.

After holding the beautiful creature in my hand for a half hour or more he became docile and content to crawl inside my shirt, and wrap himself around my waist, where he seemed to enjoy the warmth of my body. That night we put him in a screened box, making his stay with us as pleasant as possible.

After two days of captivity with nearly every boy in camp fighting for the honor of handling the snake, we decided to give him a name, then allow it to go free.

A contest was held of which the snake was entirely ignorant. More than a hundred names were suggested, and finally "Dardanella" was chosen, and with great hurrahs, the reptile was brought forward, and with much pomp and formal ceremony was duly christened and given his freedom. He was put near the spot he was first found, and immediately crawled under the roots of the alder tree and disappeared.

The following day he appeared again. In fact he never left the near vicinity, but stayed in that locality all summer. Many times we had the opportunity to watch him stalk and eat his food. It was a never ending source of pleasure to see him grab a squirrel or picket pin by the nose, wrap his coils around it, and squeeze the rodent to death, then swallow it whole.

NEAR the end of camping season some of the boys noticed "Dardanella" making his way across the flat arid parade ground, choosing a route that blended harmoniously with his own variegated colors.

He proceeded a couple of hundred yards in this fashion when he reached a small plateau, his favorite feeding ground. This knoll was honeycombed with the burrows of scores of gophers and squirrels who at this time of the year were nice and fat. Here he became motionless for a time, his body well concealed, his tongue darting in and out. His head was slightly raised, his neck arched and his eyes glittering. When he again glided forth it was more sinuously, more alertly, and more warily than ever. We followed slowly.

Suddenly, almost from under our very feet came a sibilant hiss, a whirr, an ominous warning of a huge rattlesnake that lay concealed nearby. It froze the blood in our veins and caused our nerves to creep. Burr! Burr! Burr! r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

We became motionless but excited, our eyes searching everywhere for the poisonous reptile, and for a weapon to destroy it with.

"Dardanella" had also stopped, wary and alert. We moved carefully in the direction of the sound. Burr—r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, sang the vibrating rattles, a warning to beware, to watch our step. Then we saw the hideous reptile. It was a huge Western Diamond-Backed Rattlesnake, more than four

(*Continued on page* 318)

A King Snake swallowing a Blue Racer.

Mercur—before the fire. Picture furnished by the Sacramento Gold and Quicksilver Mining Company.

Mercur

By KENNETH S. BENNION

Ghost Town of the Oquirrhs

IT'S a strange experience to stand alone in the heart of a deserted city, a city that only yesterday boasted three thousand inhabitants. There is a feeling of tragedy, of pathos, that cannot be shaken off. And there is a vague sense of fear, too; surely a spot that has so suddenly been abandoned by everyone is no fit place to be in. Everything seems unreal, contrary to the ways of men. One day a thriving, noisy city, busy with the affairs of life; the next day, silent, lonely, abandoned.

It isn't so long ago that eighth grade geographies listed Mercur, in the Oquirrh Mountains of central Utah, among the important mining camps of the West. In fact the town was once so large that it contested the right of Tooele City to remain the county seat. A special election was called and Mercur, standing almost alone, came within a very few votes of winning the coveted position.

As silver, copper, and lead have dropped in price, mining camp after mining camp has felt the pinch of poverty; drill after drill has ceased to beat a tatoo upon the stone; and miner after miner has packed up and said a sorrowful goodbye to home and prosperous times. Perhaps Brigham Young, the colonizer, could see the inevitable sorrow of readjustments when pay dirt peters out when he stood for agriculture.

The camp had its first real beginning back in 1870, when L. Greeley found "color" in the bottom of his pan. Other discoveries were made, and by 1880 there was a thriving town, called Lewiston, with fifteen hundred inhabitants. Most of the ore was very low grade, but occasionally pockets were found that assayed as high as $5000 to the ton. Finally, however, no more discoveries were made and the town was deserted, only one house and one man remaining.

Many later attempts were made to find paying ore, but it was not until a new milling process was discovered, about 1890, that the camp was revived. The new name was Mercur, so called because of the discovery of cinnabar, the ore from which quicksilver, or mercury, is extracted. The new town quickly became the most important gold camp in Utah, and it continued to develop until it almost doubled

in population the old camp of Lewiston.

THE early history of Mercur is filled with romantic tales of discovery, of engineering achievement, quick fortune, heart-breaking failure, and all the joy and freedom, crime and tragedy of a frontier boom town. Hundreds of men drove deep into the mountains, bringing up the soft, red, low-grade ore. At the great mills this ore was crushed to powder, treated with cyanide, and the almost infinitesimal percentage of gold was collected. Power lines climbed over the mountains to run machinery, a telephone line connected the camp with the outside world, and every day a little cog-wheeled engine noisily pushed its short combination train from Fairfield Junction seven miles up to the summit and down to the town. By day a pillar of smoke hung above the hills, by night a red glow lighted the sky-line; and the traveler, far away on the desert, caught glimpses of the city lights shining between the narrow canyon walls.

THOSE were the days when big men and big fortunes were in the making. Glen H. Bothwell came to the camp in 1894, just when it was beginning to develop. He became the first owner of the Sacramento, a mine particularly rich in quicksilver, and built the first mill on the property. The mine is reported to have yielded returns amounting to more than $1,500,000. Captain De LaMare, who had already made a fortune in the mines of southern Utah, came to Mercur about the same time. He acquired large holdings and built a very large mill, having a capacity of a thousand tons a day. His property soon became consolidated with the Mercur Mines Company, and production on a huge scale was established.

Captain De LaMare brought in a young, obscure chemist named D. C. Jackling, to sample his ores. Mr. Jackling knew his test-tubes, and did so well that he was sent with two or three other men to investigate some new low-grade property, over the mountain to the north. That was Colonel Jackling's introduction to Bingham. There was another young man living at Mercur at that time who was also destined to be heard from—George H. Dern, one of the West's best known citizens, and Governor of Utah. A great many other prominent names are also linked with the camp's early days.

Ex-Governor George H. Dern, newly appointed Secretary of War—at the left—about 1897-98.

Mercur reached its peak of development nearly thirty years ago. Fine homes lined the sides of the canyon, and the business section boasted brick buildings that would do credit to any western city of today. Department stores, saloons, city hall, jail,—all were built with an eye to strength, permanence and beauty. Then came Mercur's great catastrophe. The whole town caught fire. Buildings, crowded together in the windswept, desert canyon, burst into flames like powder. There were no fire-fighting chemicals in those days, and the entire water supply had to be pumped from a distant canyon, over a pass eight thousand feet high.

There wasn't a chance. People rushed to the sides of the canyon and helplessly watched the whole city swept away in a wild, roaring mass of flame. Only some of the mills and a few cottages along the outskirts of the town remained. The great mining camp was a smoking bed of ashes.

Evidently the far-sighted officials had already seen faint handwriting on the tunnel walls; for the new buildings that sprang up as if by magic were mere temporary structures. For a dozen years, however, the work continued with scarcely a moment's slacking off, and the new city quickly reached the limits of the old. In spite of the disastrous fire, Mercur continued to be a great, booming gold camp.

The tiny percentage of gold was enough to meet all bills, to pay millions of dollars in dividends, and to keep the town's dozen saloons, dance halls, and gambling parlors wide open and roaring from dark to dawn.

Prospectors, sheepherders, ranchers, and horsethieves burned up the long desert roads to reach the bright lights by nightfall.

They went first to the livery stable, where lathering horses were cared for, and then plunged into the enjoyment of the "blessings of civilization" with all the wild abandon of boys on a holiday.

BUT the town was not all bad. By no means! Many fine people, in addition to those already mentioned, lived there and have since distinguished themselves in other communities throughout the West. There was a thriving church with a famous and picturesque choir, a populous school, and many little homes where the lights were out by half past nine.

There was a doctor in Mercur who would go to the farthest ranch, day or night, winter or summer. One winter night, for instance, he was needed in a hurry; a ranchman rode fifteen miles to a telegraph office. The message was relayed through half a dozen towns and reached the doctor about one o'clock in the morning. There were no cars then, and deep snow

covered the roads. But long before day-break, the doctor was at the patient's bedside, forty miles away!

Of course, he couldn't always make it through as required. Occasionally he arrived only in time to help christen the baby, or to say what the patient died of.

All that was in the old days, when the camp was booming. Finally there came a time when the low-grade ore didn't yield enough yellow metal to pay the bills. Too many entries were made in red. Almost overnight the mills shut down. Mines were abandoned and began to cave in. The great stacks, lifting high above the town, showed no smoke. Rumors kept the camp alive a few weeks longer, and then there was a silent, hurried exodus.

The little mountain train was packed with furniture, bedding, and supplies. Trails leading to neighboring camps were lined with one-way traffic. Then the whole town was literally offered for sale, at almost any price. One rancher bought eight miles of railroad ties for a song, and lost money on the deal. Most of the houses were cut into sections and hauled away on hay-racks, to far-off homesteads.

A NEIGHBOR and I were sent to bring the chairs and organ from the church. We had a most remarkable day. The long canyon dugway was already needing repairs. Rocks were rolling down from the hill above, and the bank was giving 'way below. The camp itself presented an uncanny, tragic picture. There were the homes, the streets, the mills and the mines, just as they had been for many long years. Doors stood open, curtains fluttered in the windows and a baby's shirt swung from a clothesline. But not a soul moved on the long streets; not a wisp of smoke rose from any house; and the stores and gambling halls were as empty and silent as the huge dark mills on the side of the mountains.

Some people say that those old abandoned mining camps are haunted, and on that day I more than half believed it, as we loaded chairs from an echoing church in the heart of that ghost town. The sun was down by mid-afternoon, and a cool wind, springing up among the pinion pines below us, swept up the canyon. It flapped the canvas awnings and banged the loose tin roofs. Doors creaked on rusty hinges and boomed shut in empty buildings. Guy wires on the smoke stacks moaned, and the mouth of a tunnel across the gully yawned awful, deep, and dark.

The horses were badly scared, and so was my partner. As for me, I rather enjoyed the whole situation—after we were safely out of the canyon!

That was back in 1914. Now the camp has literally disappeared. Houses, saloons, machinery, tools, plate-glass, car-rails—everything worth hauling away and tons of junk not worth touching have been moved down the dugway and across the rough desert roads to distant towns and ranches. The chapel became a two-story ranch-house forty miles away. The Golden Gate saloon makes a very fine chicken coop. Its plate-glass windows are used to cover beds of tomato and cabbage plants in the spring time. Smokestacks, cut into sections, are used for grain bins and highway culverts.

MANY of the people who once called Mercur "home" have since passed on to that range of hills where it is said that gold is at the grass-roots, and it never pinches out. Some of the surviving veterans are filled with the miner's hope that some day the camp will "come back." They pick up and nurture every rumor about a new process or about a new company that is going to prospect with a diamond drill. In the meantime, scarcely a trace of the old town remains. Summer cloud-bursts have torn down the terraces where houses stood on the sidehills, and the whole town-site is buried under a dense growth of sagebrush and choke cherries. Only the great red dumps remain, overlooking the spot where Mercur once stood, and dreaming of those far-off days of glory.

For the second time, the great mining camp is gone, this time forever—"Unless that new outfit cuts the pay-dirt again!"

THE above article was written a few months ago, and was considered to be the end of the story. But Mercur is a ghost town that won't stay dead. Its history must be revised.

It's seventeen years since the last miners walked out of the old tunnels and went away to newer camps. It's more than a dozen years since the last buildings were hauled away, leaving only the red dumps and the gaping tunnels as evidence of man's activity. But now, if one of the old travelers were to pass along the desert road at night, he would surely think that the spirit of the town was abroad; for he would see lights shining between the narrow walls of the canyon. But they are real lights, for Mercur, dead, abandoned, almost forgotten, is struggling back to consciousness again.

New methods of extracting values from low-grade ores have cut the costs of production. The long months of depression have turned men's thoughts more and more toward two of the metals that have not decreased in value—gold and quicksilver.

Of course the new camp, so far, is only an interesting prospect; but the men on the ground say that there will be a new Mercur, a rival of the old one. Once more a city will rise up in the canyon at the foot of Lewiston Peak. Water will again be pumped over the 8000-foot pass at the head of Ophir Canyon, smoke will hang above the pinion covered hills, and tram-cars will bring out the red ore from the depth in those old hills.

Maybe it's only another miner's dream, but old-timers just smile and say, "Shore she's a-comin' back! Ain't I been a-tellin' you so, all these years?"

MR. BOTHWELL, one of the big men of Mercur's palmy days, is now in his early seventies, though he doesn't look it by twenty years. He is unsuccessful in hiding a keen interest in recent developments. He lounges back in his comfortable office-chair and says, "Oh, I think it'll be quite a

(*Continued on page 294*)

Low Roofs

By Florence Hartman Townsend

LOW roofs are best for such as I
Who would companion with the shy
Fleet birds, whose faint staccato tread
Makes dainty patterns overhead.

The sharp, majestic winds sweep high
And scorn my humble roof, but I
Know little winds that pause to croon
About the eaves each afternoon.

More than a roof, a roof low-hung;
A sound board where white rain has sung;
A wind harp for each straying breeze—
My lone heart sings to tunes like these.

Our Century of Pr

Chicago's Exposition is growing strange and very unusual structures to show the advances made by and in Science and Industry.

By DAVID KINLEY, Ph.D.

President Emeritus, University of Illinois

DO you remember "away back when" there were no automobiles, no electric lights, no telephones, no electric tramways, no airplanes—when buildings were made entirely of wood or brick or stone, warmed with stoves that burned wood or coal, and lighted with gas or kerosene lamps? That is not so very long ago. Yet all the changes that have come in these matters are easily within the memory of millions now living.

"Few of us, however, think of the contrast between then and now. Still fewer realize the vastness and the change that have come in our living conditions because of the introduction of these and other inventions and discoveries. It is only a generation or two ago that industry and trade were carried on as they had been for one hundred years; that the world was content to let every city have its slums and to think that the visitation of disease was an act of God. Sanitation, a good water supply, the maintenance of health, rational conduct in eating and living were largely matters of chance. Today, thanks to scientific and technical progress, we have changed all that and have become, perhaps, overcareful about some of these things.

To show the tremendous advance that has come in all these matters is the main purpose of Chicago's exposition entitled "A Century of Progress," to open in June, 1933, the occasion being the celebration of Chicago's centenary.

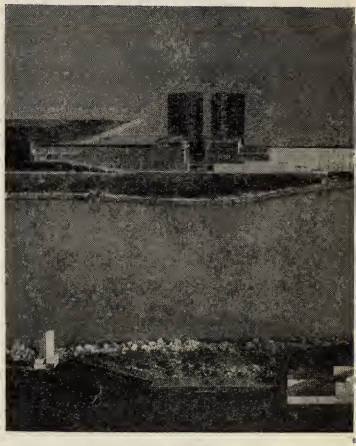
More Than a Fair

ANOTHER world's fair? But it is more than a fair, and it differs from previous fairs. Other fairs have been what the men of science call static. This one will be dynamic. That is to say, it will show progress. The intention is not merely to make interesting displays, but so to construct and arrange these displays as to make them tell the story of scientific progress and improvement in industry and conditions of living based on that progress for the last one hundred years.

The arrangement of the landscape, the arrangement and style of the buildings, their coloring and the vast scheme of color effects through electric lighting will produce in the minds of onlookers the impression of the great drama of the life of a mighty city, a mighty people, and indeed of the world.

Exhibits of scientific processes and apparatus will be the central and basic part of the exposition. But the progress of the century cannot be told by mere scientific facts alone. Many, if not all, of these discoveries would have remained matters of scientific or philosophical interest only if those engaged in industry had not transformed them into railroads, steamships, airplanes, automobiles, telegraphs, power plants, modern machinery of all kinds and other useful things. Therefore, the application of scientific discoveries will be found in the industrial exhibits.

This exposition is the first in which the ground on which its buildings rest will be new ground. The land has been recovered from Lake Michigan and added to Chicago's shore. The walks and drives will largely be on earth that was once under water.



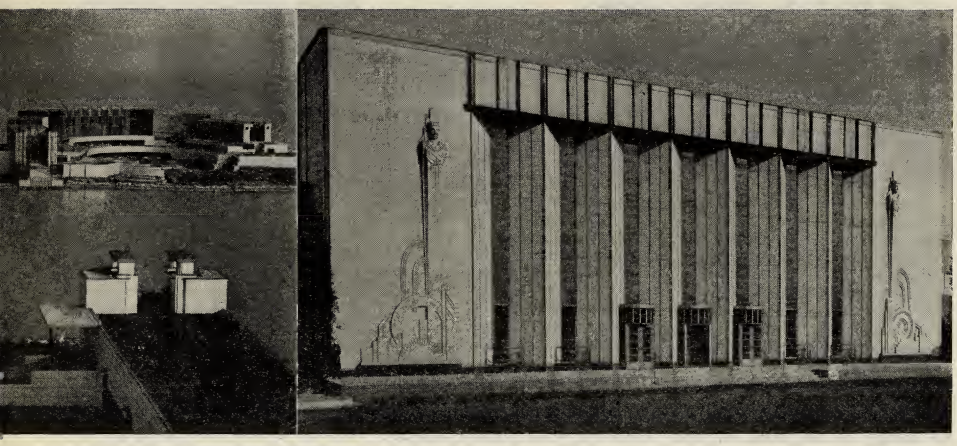
Photo—U. V. Wilcox and Associates.

Strange and Unusual Buildings

BUT it is time to look around a bit and learn something about the buildings already up. There has been little new in architecture since the Parthenon, the Forum and the Gothic cathedrals were raised to look upon the sun which began at once their slow destruction into the ruins that excite our wonder today. The architecture of the exposition will lay emphasis on adaptability of the buildings to their prospective uses and on new materials and methods of construction developed within the last one hundred years.

Buildings will have two or three floors. Ramps will make transit from one story to another easy. The outlook from every building will be a scene of beauty. In the daytime the rippling blue water of Lake Michigan will be a background for the exhibition of the genius of architects and landscapers, and in the evenings the effect will be increased by the beautiful display of coloring by electric lighting. The buildings will be floodlighted with colors similar to those of the buildings themselves, and

ogress in Industry



The Electrical Group of Buildings. The semi-circular building at right of group is the Electrical Building; center, Communications Building; at extreme left the Radio Building.

pillars of light will be projected in the recessed portions of the buildings, forming striking contrasts with the projecting portions. It will be a dream of beauty.

It can be said that the electrical group will probably be one of the most fascinating buildings on the grounds. The amazing discoveries in electricity and its application will be shown here. As one of the staff remarked, "The electrical group will be a scintillating creation in white and yellow and red, accented in gold and blue and silver."

But now let us begin our visit. This is the Administration Building in the shape of a letter "E," with twin courts facing Lake Michigan. This is the only building which will have windows. Why any longer erect buildings with windows to let in dirt and smoke and drafts, when with artificial lighting and ventilation we can secure all the comforts necessary? The wings are in dark blue, the central portion is in white ornamented with aluminum, with here and there some lighter blue.

A lagoon has been made by the city among the improvements of the lake shore, and on its west side is located the Hall of Science. Here visitors will find experiments and explanations of the basic sciences illustrated. There will be shown the discoveries and inventions on which progress in the industries and arts of life have rested during the century that is just closing.

Building Resembling Great Gas Tank

A QUEER looking structure to the south, part of which reminds one of the gas tanks that we see on the outskirts of every large city, is the Travel and Transport Building. It is unique. Cubist, futuristic, are words that have been applied to it by many people; but a little study shows that it has beauty as well as novelty. Here the architects have emphasized the principles of adaption to purpose.

The building is about a thousand feet long. The gas tank part, or tower, has for its roof a dome suspended by cable run over the top of the wall and fixed to the ground outside. That is to say, the dome is suspended by cables like a suspension bridge, and it is said that the method has been used here for the first time in a great building. The dome itself is 125 feet high and 200 feet across and encloses the largest unobstructed space ever enclosed under one roof. Here the progress of transportation will be shown. The leading railroads, manufacturers of railroad equipment and others have already begun to install their exhibits.

The main facade of the Administration Building, Chicago's Century of Progress. On this side the building is three stories high. It is completed as shown.

In another section of the building will be shown a great steamship—some "ocean liner"—in sections, to be contrasted with the simpler and smaller models of other days.

If you are a bit dazed with the bizarre structures that you have already seen, it will be restful to turn to the model of old Fort Dearborn. Fort Dearborn, you know, was the fort whose garrison, in 1812, was massacred by the Indians. These buildings are an exact reproduction, showing block houses, and soldier's barracks, of what was called "Third Fort Dearborn."

Here you will find guards in the military costume of 1804, and every afternoon you will be met by a Pottawattomie Indian in his native costume. He has proved a great attraction. Already, more than 150,000 people have visited this "Fort Dearborn."

If our eyes are not sufficiently rested, let us look at what is called the General Exhibits Building. This will be a series of pavilions, each housing a separate branch of industry. It will face the lagoon on one side. The general plan of color effects will predominate, and at night flood lights will bathe the group in constantly changing colors.

Then there will be the State Buildings, and those of the United States and those of foreign governments. There are halls devoted to agriculture and to what may be called the sciences of man, of archeology and other similar subjects. There will be too, buildings erected by great corporations having to do with automobiles, power, and other matters affecting the life of the individual.

Despite the depression there is no halting of the work on this Century of Progress. As more land is needed, the problem is easily solved with a dredge and a fleet of sand-barges, for the lake is large and the sandbars extensive and free to all comers—one more item in the demonstration of the machine and its might which this curious complex of architecture is rising to celebrate.

Women's Part in the Century of Progress

NATURALLY in a great enterprise like this, women will have a share. Perhaps the phase of their participation which speaks most significantly of the spirit of the age, however, is the fact that they enter the Exposition on the same terms as men.

In the fair of 1893 the now outmoded idea that there should be a segregation of the sexes still prevailed. Men triumphantly exhibited the products of their hands and brains in great halls dedicated to science and invention and the wonders of travel and transportation. But women were relegated to the isolation of a Women's Building where their exhibits were expected to bear out the presumption that women's place was in the home. And for the most part they did. Content to accept the dicta of their overlords, the women entered their jams and jellies, pickles and preserves, comforters and patchwork quilts as mute testimonials that the distractions of club life did not incapacitate them for housewifely efficiency.

What a contrast between the fair of 1893 and the fair of 1933, when modern inventions have freed women from much of their household drudgery! No pickles and preserves are on display nowadays. Instead, the exhibit of the National Council of Women in the Hall of Social Sciences, in which 31 of the most influential women's organizations in the country will participate, will indicate the wide range of beneficial activities in which the modern woman indulges—activities which reach out into every phase of community, state and national life.

Women will be depicted here as housekeepers and homemakers on an heroic scale, concerned with every phase of community activity which has an ultimate bearing on the welfare of the home: pure milk, a sanitary water supply, adequate parks and playgrounds, proper educational facilities, a government that runs smoothly, efficiently and without graft.

A picture of the cooperative effort of all these women's organizations for higher educational standards, better modes of living, the abolition of unemployment, and a score of social and economic adjustments will be presented through a medium modern and compelling. And these are the groups which will take part:

YOUNG Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association
National Woman's Relief Society
American Homemakers Association
American Nurses Association
Association of Women in Public Health
Child Study Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
International Sunshine Society
National Association of Colored Women
National Council of Jewish Women
National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
National Federation of Music Clubs
National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods
National Kindergarten Association
National Motion Picture League
National Women's Christian Temperance Union
Osteopathic Women's National Association
Service Star Legion
Supreme Forest Woodmen's Circle
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom
Woman's National Farm and Garden Association.
Also, Hadassah, United Order of True Sisters, National Woman's Party and Women's Aeronautical Association.

But the exhibit in the Hall of Social Sciences will not constitute women's only contribution to a Century of Progress. An International Congress of Women, also under the auspices of the National Council, will be held July 16-22 at the Palmer House. There women will again acknowledge their share of responsibility for world conditions by discussing "Our Common Cause—Civilization," in a series of conferences to which women of the leading countries of the world will be invited. The keynote address for this congress, as already announced, will be "A New Ideal for Society." Experts are planning the program. It will be concerned with such fundamental questions as food, shelter, clothing, employment. Broadly speaking, discussion will resolve about these questions: How to guarantee to every individual a minimum of security and how to insure each individual maximum opportunity for self-development.

The captious have sometimes called women's congresses talk fests. But this will not be of that order. There will be general sessions, it is true, with challenging addresses on topics related to the evolution of a new social order. But the work of the congress will be done in a series of round tables at which the women will try to devise practical methods of achieving the social ideals their speakers outline. On Friday, the final day of the congress, the findings of the round tables will be summarized and a plan evolved for uniting the women's organizations of the United States to work for the common goal of a better civilization.

Thus will women of 1933, following in the footsteps of the women of 1893, stage a great congress in Chicago to bring the

(*Continued on page* 294)

How to Make Good Pictures Indoors

By W. EARL LYMAN

How the picture was taken. Stop: F:8. One flash bulb.

THE work of making good pictures indoors has been made comparatively easy by the invention of the flash bulb and the photo flood lamp. These two new lamps have made it possible to do away with the use of Flash Powder which is dangerous to use, by anyone not familiar with it. to say nothing of the smoke, noise and dirt that results.

The photo flash bulb will operate on any electrical current of 1½ Volts (flash light battery) to 115 volts (house lighting) and produces a very strong light, flashing faster than a wink of an eye and makes it possible to catch scenes indoors before your subject can move a muscle. The simplicity of the photo flash bulb makes picture taking indoors as easy and successful as outdoor snap shots in sun light. Simply place the camera on a tripod, table, or chair; get the correct range or focus; set the shutter on bulb or time; then when you secure the expression you desire, open lens, set off the bulb and close the lens.

One of the safest and easiest ways of operating the shutter in making flash lights is to use a lens cap. When doing this, set the shutter on time and cover the lens with the cap. (A lid to a pill box can be used) Then open the shutter and remove the cap, set off the flash bulb, or give the amount of time you want and replace the lens cap, then close the shutter. This eliminates any chance of moving the camera while the exposure is being made. The photo flood lamp looks like a regular 60 watt Mazda lamp. But when used on a house lighting circuit produces from 750 to 1000 watts. This enables you to get short time exposures where you can hold your subject from 1 to 10 seconds. The life of this lamp is approximately two hours of continuous burning. To get the maximum light from this lamp you should use a reflector designed for its use. However very good results can be obtained by using the lamp in the regular electrical outlets you have, in which case you should increase the exposure two or three times. The table will help you to give the correct exposure. This table is based on the use of plenachrome or verichrome film. If the regular film is used the time of exposure should be doubled. For inexpensive cameras use the largest stop possible and exposure data given for F 16.

"Go to sleep."
Stop: F:11. One flash bulb.

Very good results may be obtained with the ordinary light from the windows. Care should be taken to illuminate the dark corners and arrange the furniture of the room to avoid strong or sharp shadows. The time of exposure is governed of course by the number of windows in the room, and should require from about 10 seconds up to 2 or 3 minutes exposure.

Reading the Funnies. Stop: 5.6. Time ½ Sec. One Flood Lamp.
See page 287

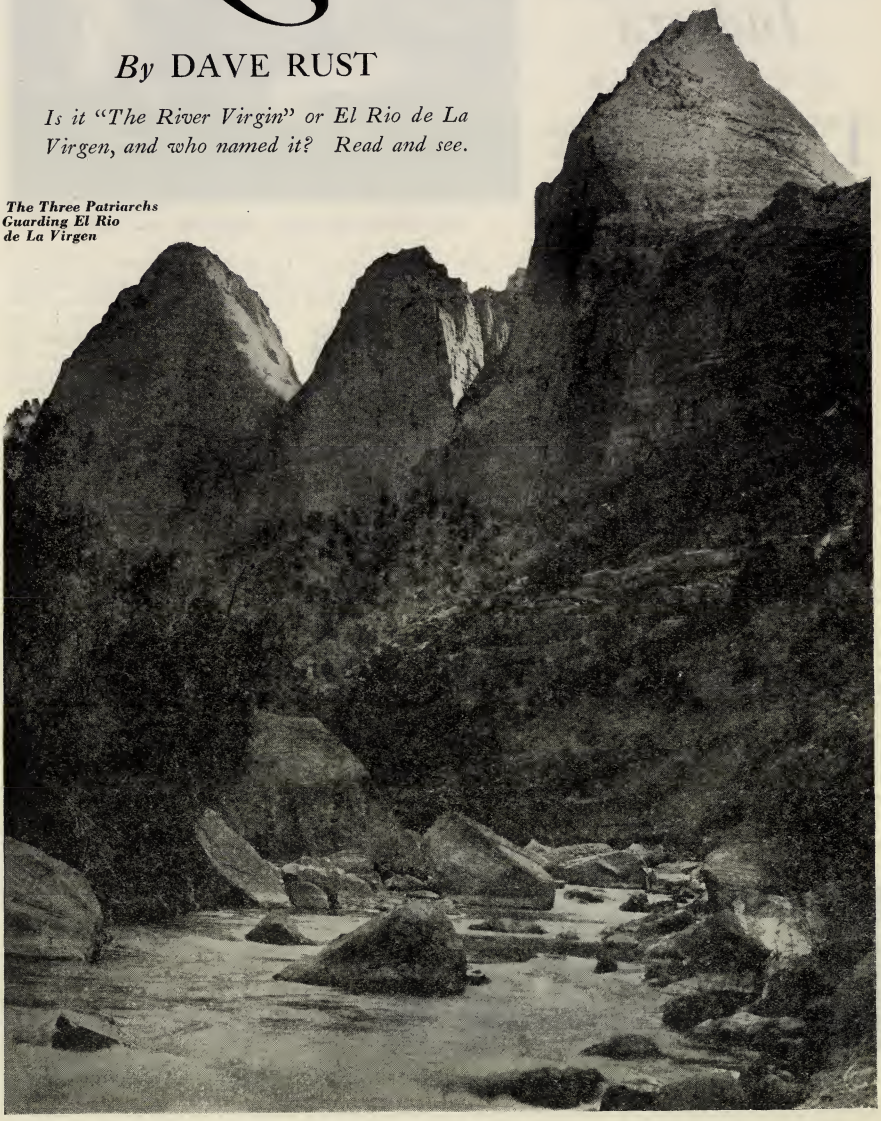
TABLE FOR TIME EXPOSURES
Fast Amateur Film

Distance -lamps to subject	Diaphragm Opening	No. of lamps in reflectors	Time in Seconds
4 feet	F 4.5	1	1/5
"	F 6.3	1	1/2
"	F 8	1	1
"	F 11	1	2
"	F 16	2	2
6 feet	F 4.5	1	1
"	F 6.3	1	1
"	F 8	1	2
"	F 11	2	2
"	F 16	3	3
10 feet	F 4.5	1	2
"	F 6.3	2	2
"	F 8	3	2
"	F 11	4	3
"	F 16	5	5

"Rio Virgen"

By DAVE RUST

Is it "The River Virgin" or El Rio de La Virgen, and who named it? Read and see.



The Three Patriarchs Guarding El Rio de La Virgen

Dave Rust, pioneer and guide, objects strenuously to the idea that El Rio de La Virgen, Rio Virgen, the Virgin River, was named for the obscure trapper, Thomas Virgin, who accompanied Jedediah S. Smith on his expedition to the coast. Mr. Rust maintains that the river was named by the Spaniards for the Virgin Mary. He says those who object to the title on the grounds that the river is not beautiful or pleasant to look upon have never seen it at its best. Anyway, since the river is important and since we prefer the Spanish of it, we are presenting Mr. Rust's arguments and in addition are showing two pictures of the famous river, one on the cover and one here.

PADRE ESCALANTE, on his famous historic journey back to Santa Fe in 1776, crossed a stream in the region now known as Southern Utah which he entered in his diary as "Rio Sulfuero" (significant for the reason that the crossing was made near a sulphur hot spring). The old Franciscan's diary went into the seclusion of Spanish archives and the name did not prevail in Southwestern geography.

Other Spanish travelers followed during the later years of that century, established another route and christened this same stream the "Rio Virgen" in honor of the Virgin Mary, the Mother of the Son of Man. Then, over a half century later, the valley of the Rio Virgen became the abiding place of colonies of the Saints of the L. D. S. Church, and the grand plateau of towers and temples above the river was named by their chief theologian-astronomer, Orson Pratt, "Kolob," the place near to the throne of God (as described in the Pearl of Great Price). Then, after another half century, the marvelous chasm carved by this sacred river through the Kolob Plateau was introduced to the world as "Zion Canyon," and set apart as "Zion National Park." Most remarkable coincidence of origin, most glorious combination of nomenclature, worthy of sincere contemplation.

IN 1826, Jedediah Strong Smith led a trapping expedition south from the Sevier river (which he named Ashley's) and, according to his own journal, "struck a river" which he called "Adam's River in compliment to" president John Quincy Adams. He was exploring his way through a country "entirely unknown" to him or any of his company, and of which he "could collect no satisfactory information from the Indians." Evidently, Smith had scant knowledge of Spanish exploration, as when he reached the Rio Colorado he called it Seedskeden (meaning Green). He might have saved considerable confusion if he had employed an experienced Spanish guide, as Fremont did a few years later.

Fremont knew his Spanish. In his "Memoirs of My Life," he quotes from his own journal of 1844, written while on his journey from California: "It proved to be the Rio de los Angeles (River of the Angels)—a branch of the Rio Virgen (River of the Virgin)." "It proved to be the Rio Virgen, a tributary to the Colorado." "Finding at evening a halting place of very good grass on the clear waters of the Santa Clara, fork of the Rio Virgen." Fremont employed a Spanish guide for that journey and mapped the Old Spanish Trail from Los Angeles to the valleys of Utah.

The Old Spanish Trail, used by Spanish caravans before and after the year 1800, has been definitely designated by Bancroft, Hart, and other historians as running northwest from Santa Fe up a branch of the Rio Grande, over the divide and across the tributaries of the San Juan to the Dolores valley, west between the Sierra Abajo and the La Sal mountains, across the Grand and Green rivers, up the San Rafael and over the Salina pass and up the Sevier, and over another divide to the Rio Virgen, down the valley of the Rio Virgen and across the desert via Las Vegas springs and Cajon Pass to San Bernardino and Los Angeles. Doesn't that sound like a Spanish trail? Most of these names have preserved their origin on our topographic maps.

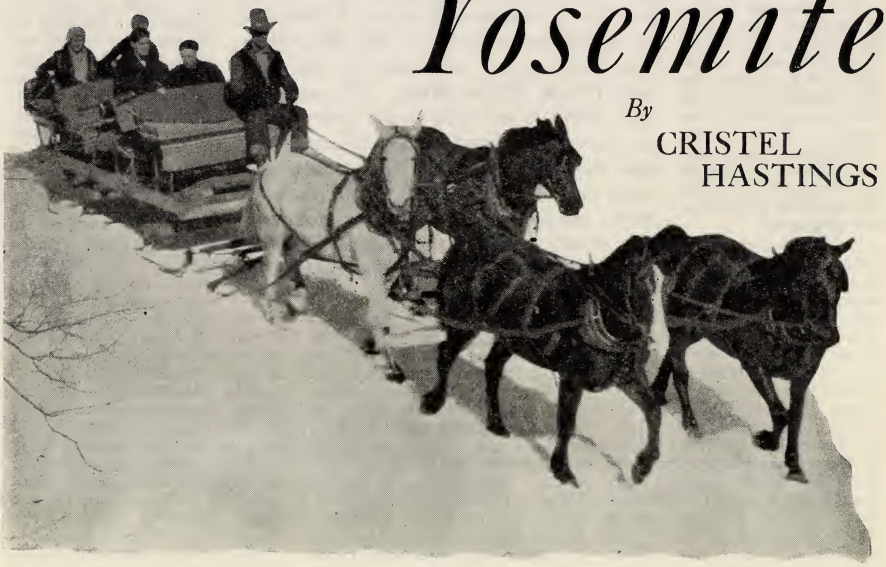
NOTE the expressions of J. W. Powell (Explorations of the Colorado River of the West, Report published in 1875, pages 104, 106, 109, 197): "We are in great expectancy, for we hope every minute to discover the mouth of the Rio Virgen." "Eighteen or twenty miles up the valley of the Rio Virgen there are two Mormon towns, St. Joseph and St. Thomas." (We hope that someone will not presume that this town was named for the obscure Thomas Virgin of the Smith expedition of 1827). "The Rio Virgen flows to the southwest into the Colorado." "We wish to explore the Rio Virgen as far as possible." "The plateaus are cut by the Rio Virgen." Bancroft is quite as profuse in the use of this Spanish title of our sacred river. He observes that the Adams River, so-called by Smith, "is clearly identical with the Rio Virgen," known by the users of the Old Spanish Trail. The name recorded by Smith dropped into oblivion as did the "Sulfuero" of Escalante, but the Rio Virgen (Spanish), Virgin River (English), will "go on forever."

H. C. Dale, professor of political science at the University of Wyoming, in his Ashley-Smith Explorations (published in 1917), comments in a footnote, page 188, as follows: "Smith's route is difficult to follow from his confused and inadequate directions. The only stream running southwest is the Virgin, presumably named for Thomas Virgin who accompanied Smith on his second expedition. It is over one hundred miles from the point where Smith seems to have struck Sevier River, up that stream and across the divide to the headwaters of the Virgin which he named Adams River." In another footnote, page 237, Dale explains that "Thomas Virgin" and others were new members taken by Smith when he started on his second expedition. H. G. Rogers, a member of both the Smith expeditions, recorded in his journal, page 237 of the Dale publication, the name of "Thomas Virgin" as one of the men who accompanied Smith on his second, 1827, expedition. Not even a suggestion, however, is found in the Smith journal or in either of the two

(*Continued on page* 287)

WINTER SPORTS IN *Yosemite*

By
CRISTEL HASTINGS



Just now over the crest of the northern hemisphere King Winter is ruler and what a monarch of moods he is! Even California, in high places, is brought under the sway of his scepter, but in California where he is in competition with genial warmth and the lure of the orange groves, he has to be at his smiling best.

SNOW is falling in the high Sierra, solid banks of it and great dazzling drifts filling the deep chasms and canyons between the rugged peaks of the Yosemite skyline, transforming the great Valley into a fairy-like world of glistening icicles and vast fields of gleaming snów!

It is the time for frosted stars, for shining ice floors, for glittering snow-banks and the tingling exhilaration that comes on the clear, high mountain air in mid-winter!

Bewildering enough in its rugged splendor during summer, the Yosemite Valley is n o w being transformed into a veritable paradise of sparkling beauty that makes even words seem commonplace and without meaning.

The sharp, clear-cut peaks of summer are being rounded out, their notched outlines softened by fleecy blankets of snow. A film of ice is creeping over the waters of the Merced—River of Mercy—silencing its low murmurings. Far up the Valley at the base of Half Dome—the Indians called it *Tissa-ack*—the reflective charm of Mirror Lake already is hidden under a glistening floor of ice!

A holiday week, especially the interval between Christmas and the New Year, or immediately after, offers a measure of fun and frolic. The Yosemite National Park is easily accessible every day in the year. Excellent roads and highways are kept cleared of snow. El Capitan—the Indians' *Tu-tochah-nu-lah*—looks down on a scene ethereally white and lovely—a breath-taking study in white and forest green. The high rim of peaks has been generously dusted with nature's great "flour sack!" Snow — s n o w everywhere — a world of white encrusted with glistening gems of ice that crunch and creak as you walk!

And what about Yosemite Falls, the highest waterfall in the world, whose roaring grandeur may have held you spellbound last June? How vastly different in January and February! Silent. Strangely muted—almost unreal, as if some important part of the universe suddenly had ceased to function. The mid-winter trail is a matter of guess-work, more or less. You can safely trust to memory, however, and to your general sense of direction. You will find familiar land-

Hiking for hockey is the exchange in winter

Solid pendants and streamers of frozen waters have silenced the great voice of summer rendering this famous perpendicular river into a frozen picture of such bewildering beauty it leaves you wordless. Only the snap and

Off on a wild toboggan

marks of summer pathways hidden, entirely obliterated, with nothing to mar the smoothness of the snow-white surface but the occasional imprint of a deer's hoof. The high Sierra world is a color scheme of green and white—symbol of peace—and even the green of towering firs and great incense cedars is weighted down with fluffy loads of snow, hiding emerald boughs.

OVER a maze of bulging snowiness that hides the rocks you *know* lie somewhere beneath, you will break trail to the foot of Yosemite Falls. A sudden sharp crackle and something crashes through the stillness. Only an icicle—but *such* a one! Yards and yards of it! Immensity seems to be the rule even among the icicles in Yosemite! Your gaze will wander upward along the frozen walls over whose lofty brink the glorious drops of summer waters flung themselves in wild abandon not so long ago like millions of sparkling gems released and flung into mid-air. And there will be the shimmering reason for all this great silence! Hundreds of icicles cling with a cold tenacity to the high, ice-encased walls, enchaining the waters of the highest waterfall in the world.

crackle of an occasional icicle to break the universal silence—that and the muffled sound of a falling handful of snow as some overloaded fir or cedar or some shaggy tamarack allows its dry, snowy burden to slip from a drooping branch here and there.

Deer haunt the floor of the valley, and are very tame. No one ever molests them—the only sign of life in these still woods through the winter months except those fluffy little puff-balls of feathers and energy, the snow sparrows. It is a world of peace and silence. Even the bears are asleep in their winter quarters. The skylines all about have merged with the panorama of pale, lonely mountains whose summits lose themselves in a haze of whirling snow-storms, and of ghostly gray peaks nestling comfortably down for a winter in the close embrace of snow.

The tinkle of sleigh bells drifts through the crackling air and you eagerly retrace your odd footprints —an indelible picture of the ice-locked waterfall to remain forever in your memory. A sleigh is just leaving for a gliding tour of the Valley! Quite different from the sunny excursions of summer through flower-strewn meadows and waving grasses! You are just in time, and, somehow, there's always room for one more! You snuggle aboard and someone thoughtfully wraps a great woolly robe about you. The horses toss their heads and a myriad of tiny bells jingle forth their holiday music! In another moment you are off, gliding over the smooth snowy way, following the lovely curves of the Merced River with its clumps of ruddy toyon berries a startling contrast against the gleaming snow banks. Far up the valley the brilliant light of winter sunshine plays over Half Dome.

PASSING Le Conte Memorial half-hidden in deep snows like a pale, lonely ghost, you will see the little gray stone inter-denominational church in the heart of the Yosemite. A turn in the road, shouts and ringing peals of laughter greet you. A sudden flash of gay color skims through the air, whirling past your sleigh, and you realize you are looking after one of the long toboggans! A call far up the long incline and another load of sudden merriment is released at the top to whirl down the long icy toboggan slide!

This, then, is your cue to scramble out of the sleigh, for the lure of tobogganing in Yosemite is irresistible! Here you will encounter another delightful surprise! Gone are the days when you toiled up an incline dragging your heavy toboggan after, for this very modern slide is electrically equipped! The mere turn of a switch starts the motor that not only draws your toboggan up, but *you* will be aboard, as well! No more trudging breathlessly up the long ice-coated trail afoot! You ride up as well as down!

From the top begins a riotous succession of breathless flights down the long slide, day and night! The fun is never finished! There are many "spills" when cool, powdery showers of snow fling themselves over you and you suddenly find yourself landing in a breathless heap alongside the slide somewhere! It's all part of tobogganing! Life, somehow, seems better than ever before in this high wintry air with all the snow sports at one's command!

Careful attendants are constantly on duty from dawn to dusk, and even at night, to see to your comfort and safety. And when there is the added thrill of tobogganing by moonlight—ah, that's a different thrill entirely!

DAYS are short in this high alpine valley. Its sheer, lofty walls take on a new radiance that outshines even the stars. Strings of colored electric lights are twined among the branches of trees trans-

forming night into the sort of fairyland dreams are made of. You will be lured outdoors by all this gay brilliancy. Overhead looms a starry sky, and so brilliant are the stars above all this wintry splendor it seems one could almost reach up and take them from the very skies, so near do they appear.

Perhaps there is another snowfall during the night. Great feathery flakes that make this the valley of magic! Your first glimpse of the outdoors next morning will be dazzling, indeed. Great icicles hang from the eaves just outside your door—icicles that hang in an amazing methodical precision as though they had been measured and hung just so. In less than no time you are fully togged out for a new day. Someone says something about snow shoes. If you have already tried this method of locomotion, so much the better, as skill in the manipulation of these pedal accessories opens up glorious vistas undreamed of beyond the beaten trails. If this be your initial attempt, plant your feet firmly and far apart as you walk. A fall or two in the soft snow will not be surprising, as these great webbed feet that humans strap to their boots in the snow country have an odd tendency to overlap each other's edges at first! In fact, the novice is prone to "step on his own feet" more often than not! A small amount of patience and practice will overcome this.

If you are an adept at skiing, the farther reaches of the Yosemite offer a wide range of new thrills not granted to the average sportsman. With your stout alpine-stock grasped firmly in one mittened hand, your woolen cap pulled down snugly over your ears, and a pair of shining skiis strapped to your boots, the world is yours, for in an hour or two you will have lived the entire span of keen exhilaration that hovers always along the high ridges of the Sierra!

One who has not heard the rush of air whistling and singing past as he flies through mid-air from some high knoll to a sloping valley far below—one who has never flung himself aloft from some snowy eminence on skiis in the high regions of the Alps, or Canada, or Alaska, arms wide-stretched and a dazzling panorama of valley rushing upward to meet him, cannot even begin to understand what skiing can mean.

THE colorful New Year's Eve Ball in Yosemite is always a memorable affair. A medley of haunting melody, soft lights, warmth, happiness, and the eternal comradeship of good friends! After the Ball someone actually suggests skating by moonlight—if there is a moon! And there is! The dazzling white walls of the valley shine like silver. Even if there is no moon, there are always the great floodlights, soft arcs of glowing colors illuminate the scene to daylight brilliancy! Hurriedly changing from dance frock to skating costume and sturdy boots, five minutes more and you are one of the merry crowd tucked aboard a sleigh once more, and off you glide to Mirror Lake, ice-bound *Ke-ko-tooyem,* several ice-bound miles up the valley. Or, you may skate on the spacious new rink of the Yosemite Winter Club! Colored lights play over the scene which appears for all the world like a great inverted mirror! The clink of skate blades on ice is music itself, and nowhere is there a more beautiful setting for this admirable winter sport.

Someone in the moonlit distance sings "The End of a Perfect Day," a far-away lonely bit of song drifting in this silent night of white radiance. Your heart aches with the sheer loveliness of it all. It is of such things that poems are made —joy not unmingled with tears, happiness not unmixed with regret that dawn will eventually come and with it your long, reluctant farewell to this dazzling valley set in a mountain cleft where only peace and joy abide.

Rio Virgen

Continued from page 283

Rogers journals, that the Rio Virgen was ever called by them any other name than Adams River.

Why does Dale presume that the river was named for Thomas Virgin, ignoring all the evidence to the contrary? We notice that he avoids the use of the Spanish, Rio Virgen, throughout his book. At the same time he acknowledges the old name "Rio Colorado, or Spanish River," for the Colorado River. While we admire the Dale account, it is not invulnerable. For instance (on page 313, Bibliography): F. S. Dellenbaugh is referred to as "the official photographer of the Powell expeditions in 1869 and 1871." Mr. Dellenbaugh was not a member of the 1869 expedition; and E. O. Beaman, not Dellenbaugh, was the photographer for the 1871 expedition.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, noted traveler and writer of the Southwest, is another who knows his Spanish. In his Utah, the Land of Blossoming Valleys, page 190, he offers an explanation: "There is a little confusion in the minds of some people as to the spelling of the name, 'Virgin' or 'Virgen,' River. There need be no difficulty. The name originally was bestowed by the Spanish. It was the *Rio Virgen,* the Spanish form. Thus it should be spelled as the Spaniards spell, with an 'e'. But if one Anglicizes it and makes it the Virgin River, it is correct to spell it with an 'i'. One of the worst linguistic blunders possible is to mix the two and write it "Rio Virgin," or "Virgen River."

The historians of the Mormon Church have preserved the Spanish name inviolate. Listen to these from Jenson's Church Chronology: "Saints called to settle on the Rio Virgen and the Santa Clara, 1861; *Rio Virgen Times,* weekly newspaper, published at St. George, 1868; Rio Virgen County, created by act of Utah (territory) legislature, 1869; Brigham Young visited the mouth of the Rio Virgen, 1870; Rioville at the junction of the Rio Virgen and the Colorado." And Whitney refers to the Valley of the Rio Virgen in his History of Utah.

Photographic Contest—Indoor

AND now before Old Man Winter has left our doors, why not try a few indoor photographs. We have asked Earl Lyman, of Salt Lake City, to tell how it's done. He has also demonstrated that it can be done.

While all of his pictures were taken by means of flash bulbs and flood lamps, very fine indoor "shots" can be had without going to that expense. You choose your method. Here is our offer.

To the person submitting what competent judges declare to be the most interesting "indoor" taken any time after the issuance of this magazine and before April 15, will go $5.00 in cash; to the one submitting the second best indoor photograph will go $3.00 in cash; and to the one submitting the third best, $2.00 in cash. The *Improvement Era* will pay $1.00 each for any other pictures from the contest which are published in the magazine.

"Please take my picture." Stop: F:11. One flash bulb.

The rules are simple:

1. Any subject is good. The only stipulation is that the picture must be taken indoors.

2. On the reverse side of the glossy print submitted to the contest, give its title, the stop used, the flash or bulb and the time.

3. Each photograph is to bear on its reverse side the name and address of the sender who must declare that the picture was taken for this contest between the dates specified above.

4. All photographs must bear a post mark of not later than midnight, April 15, 1933.

5. Address all photographs to the Indoor Photographic Contest Editor, *The Improvement Era,* 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editorial

Leadership

LEADERSHIP of the right sort is the world's greatest need at this present moment, according to many thinkers on the subject of economics, sociology, and religion. During the week of January 23, leaders from more than half the stakes in the Church and six missions gathered at Brigham Young University, the Church's educational laboratory, to participate in a "Leadership Week."

The theme around which the lectures and the class work were grouped was "Spiritual Foundations of Reconstruction." During the various sessions and the general assemblies some of the best thinkers on the various subjects in the intermountain country discussed the world's problems and hopes before attentive audiences eager to find a way out of our present collapsed condition.

While no radical or sudden changes are expected as a result of the "Week," it is safe to predict that many of the thoughts planted there will bear fruit yet. Someone has said it takes patience to plant acorns and wait for the oaks, and yet social growth is almost as slow as that of the oak. Revolutions do not aid growth a great deal; they merely uproot the social institutions which have been growing and start new ones, but the new ones must have years in which to come to anything like blossoms or fruit.

Social conferences like that held at Brigham Young University act as pruners lopping off dead growths and bending the social plant into new and better forms. Open discussion of problems as it is being carried on in the Church ought to produce new and helpful ideas. Every assemblage of persons bent upon discussing their problems is like an egg out of which new forms of life may come. They are, therefore, to be encouraged as they are being encouraged throughout the Church today, especially in the Mutual Improvement Association.—*H. R. M.*

Cardston Adult Class Leads the Way

IN January the *Era* took occasion to mention the survey of the costs of medical attention in the United States which has been made by a selected committee. From Canada comes a statement that the Adult Class of the M. I. A. has fostered a project which has received considerable attention in the *Lethbridge Herald*.

It seems, according to a letter from Susie P. Smith, president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Alberta Stake, that Mrs. Pearl Card, Adult Class leader for the stake, and Mr. D. O. Wight, the Adult Class leader of Cardston Second Ward, led out in the matter of securing a contract with Cardston doctors in regard to a "Health Insurance Plan."

From the articles in the *Lethbridge Herald* it would seem that the doctors were as eager as the people to enter into the arrangement. Three hundred families have paid $25.00 each for medical attention, and others are eager to pay as soon as funds are available.

The article explaining the workings of the "Health Insurance Plan," in part, follows:

"Starting with a public debate about a year ago, fostered by the Cardston Debating Society, on the question of state medicine, the project was undertaken by D. O. Wight, editor of the *Cardston News*, who upheld the affirmative in that debate, against J. W. Low, police magistrate, both of whom agreed during the debate that perhaps some middle course between private practice and state medicine might solve our present problem of medical attention and service.

"Mr. Wight, canvassing the situation, soon had 50 or more families who were willing to enter a contract with some doctor at a definite fee or payment for a year's service. The Cardston doctors were interviewed and after several conferences a plan was agreed upon, whereby the families desiring this medical service could group themselves into an organization of some kind, with which organization the doctors would both be willing to sign a medical contract. * * *

"Just a word as to the terms of the contract. The doctors are paid monthly by the committee, the sum being one-twelfth of the total sum on deposit in the bank at the time of payment. They are delighted with the arrangement, as they have received a definite and steady cash income each month, have been relieved of any worries in collections, and have, above all else, given a wonderful service to the people which has meant health and happiness to many a home in the Cardston district. They have accepted the idea as "health insurance," and are as anxious as any person on the contract can possibly be, to receive it, to give advice, and medical aid in plenty of time before any serious sickness is encountered, and many serious cases have thus been prevented, while others have been cured of long standing ills. Under the contract the doctors agree to give medical attention in case of illness or accident and to perform any surgical operation necessary, except where the services of a specialist are required, such as for teeth, eye, ear, nose, or throat. Major and minor operations have alike been performed, and the ease of mind attending the patients as to doctor bills, has, in many cases been a potent factor in their rapid recovery after the operation has been performed."

This movement in Cardston is a hopeful sign of a growing ability to cooperate; it is also interesting because it indicates that these Mutual classes which are organized to assist in looking after the physical well-being of members of the Church can do things if they have leadership and if they can work together.

A great many problems still face this Cardston organization, but we're hoping the project will

Editorial

not falter. People who had no sickness at all this past year may wonder if they are getting their twenty-five dollars' worth when they are solicited to pay again; others who have had bad luck with their sickness or who are chronic kickers may start stories about the ability of the doctors, no matter how fine they may be, and thus break down the morale of the organization unless high class leadership can see the troubles ahead and prepare for them.

Thousands will watch the experiment with great interest, for thousands have been thinking that our health matters have been handled in a very primitive way despite our boasted knowledge. It will be a splendid contribution to humanity if Cardston can point the way to better health and more happiness, therefore.—*H. R. M.*

Winds in March

MARCH is the month of winds—not the doleful winds of fall which blow up Winter with icy breath; not the freezing blasts of January which carry from the north the chilling drop in temperature so hard on the coal-bin; but the new, cleansing winds which are the vacuum cleaners in earth's house cleaning. Blowing over newly-bare fields, they carry away the sere and broken weeds of yester-year; whirling through streets, they pick up dust and dirt and bear them away; sweeping over gardens, they blow clean the earth, ready for April seeding.

Other winds there are, not mentioned in books of geography, nor having any effect upon the climatic conditions of earth-places. Winds of the soul they are, disturbing, blinding, violent, but powerful in carrying away accumulated rubbish and dried weeds in the garden of the mind. The old axiom, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," might be coupled up with another quotation concerning the blessedness of adversity, and a little survey made, individually, to see how true they are. There are ill winds, unquestionably, which blow only unhappiness and destruction to those who linger in their path. Winds of greed, hate, passion, and the despair which cannot be assuaged, are those which wreck. And these we can truly regard as ill.

Other winds there are, generally regarded as ill, which, under observation prove to be the bearers of good in the guise of adversity which brings its blessing. Into the *Era* office came some throughts written anonymously and submitted by Julian Y. Burton, of Merced, California, formerly of Salt Lake and the old L. D. S. School here.

"I AM STILL RICH"

WE have passed through a panic, suffered from a crash of the stock market, and are now more than half way through the depression, and I am still rich.

It is true that I have a lot less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is likewise true that I have just as much as ever to live for. The real values of life are unshaken and solid.

The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the same old cordial way, business associates believe in us, and our sons hold us in high respect. The wife's greeting at the close of the day has not depreciated in the least, and our daughters continue to lavish their affections upon us with the same old extravagance.

My faith in the goodness of the universe is unimpaired. By that faith I am emboldened when I face defeat and despair. The prayers my mother taught me and the faith of God instilled by a devout father remain as priceless treasures that no depression can touch.

No nation becomes great by becoming rich. Neither does a man find enduring satisfaction in life by owning something—only by becoming something. The most degrading poverty is that which results from killing the spirit that the body may be served.

This depression is a challenge, not a catastrophe. A generation that has conquered the air and sent giant planes circling the globe; which has plunged into the deeps and disported on the ocean's floor; which has climbed above the clouds and lived in the stratosphere; is now faced with the challenge to rise above its dependence on mere things and seek an emancipation of the spirit of man.

The last six months have been for many men a thrilling spiritual adventure through which they have discovered their real wealth. Bereft of dividends and profits, they are discovering the strong sustaining power of faith, and the abiding values of courage, heroism, honor, charity, and trustworthiness.

The deepest satisfactions of life—those that come from sharing and serving—remain secure.

I am still rich because I have become independently rich—none of my present wealth depends upon business conditions or market reports. (*Anon.*)

Financial difficulties may prove to many to be a wind which blows good. Sickness is another, sometimes, for it emphasizes the blessing of health, without which other blessings are flat and tasteless. Age is a joy-bearing wind, according to Vida F. Scudder, whose article in "Glancing Through" explains her stand. Difficulties develop strength, dangers increase courage, bereavement creates sympathy and understanding.

With the coming of the winds of March we are conscious that April is coming, and May, and strawberries and blue larkspur, which reminds us of another quotation—"If Winter comes, oh Wind, can Spring be far behind?" and still another, from a poem by Lowry Nelson, which begins, "I love a wind in a willowy lane, When billowy clouds are sowing rain" and ends "O Maker of willows, And Maker of men, Thanks for making Them new again." It seems that many people feel that winds are harbingers of better things and of newness which come with the winds. Most winds really do blow somebody some good, and one of the greatest of the good things is the realization of that fact.—*E. T. B.*

The Family

Continued from page 269

society, and its present needs. The idea of social workers is to raise human life to its highest levels and it will tend to take care of itself. What it most needs is a chance to succeed.

And how may this be done? First, by setting up religious, spiritual and moral ideals; second, by providing education and training; third, by controlling environment —by building up great preventive constructive programs that will insure to human beings what they are entitled to, namely, "the right to life," not to an opportunity for mere existence but a right to life in the large, to normal life, to opportunity to be all that they can be; fourth, by family rehabilitation for those families which are unfortunate or lack ability to maintain themselves.

The essentials of normal individual life are, birth without blemishes—without physical or mental handicaps; freedom from the poison of alcohol and venereal disease; proper care, protection, and training during infancy, childhood and youth; opportunity to live and learn and work during maturity, and to protection and care in old age.

The elements of normal life for the family are: Income sufficient to insure a decent standard of living —suitable shelter, enough and proper kind of food for growth and sustenance, some leisure; some degree of comfort; opportunity for health, both physical and mental; for education and training; for suitable recreation; and for religious and spiritual growth and development.

Latter-day Saints agree with sociologists that the family is the most important of the social institutions. They believe, in addition, that it is a most sacred and holy institution and that family life is the most important of all human relationships. This conclusion is based upon their belief in pre-existence, in a future life, in the immortality of the spirit, and in the eternal and everlasting union of husbands and wives and of parents and their children.

TO Latter-day Saints "marriage is ordained of God unto man, * * * that the earth might answer the end of its creation and that it might be filled with the measure of man according to his creation before the world was made." Doc. and Cov. 49:15-17. Marriage is a holy sacrament as well as a legal union, and when consummated by proper authority in the House of the Lord it is "for time and for all eternity." Temple marriages usually are thus based upon something more than curiosity, a desire for new thrills, or mere romantic love. While romantic love is usually a stimulating factor, deeper considerations govern, such as carefully looking backward, looking forward, and visualizing results. It is no doubt largely because of these beliefs and practices that marriage is considered so seriously, that so few mistakes are made in marriage; and that divorces are relatively rare among Latter-day Saints.

Recently a statistician discussing the subject of divorce inferred that the low rate in the Latter-day Saint Church, like that in the Catholic Church, is probably due to a ban on divorce. He said, "Imagine what marring of personality, what discomfort, what hate there must be in many Catholic and Mormon homes because of their rigid rules regarding divorce." This is not the case in the Latter-day Saint Church. While the Church deprecates divorce, it regards it as a more or less personal matter. It advises its members to do their best to avoid family disruption and to live in accordance with church ideals; but it does not interfere or try to coerce where living together seems intolerable or even detrimental to the personalities concerned.

The orthodox temple marriage ceremony, while simple and without ostentation, is dignified, impressive, and comprehensive. In connection with it a vow of chastity is taken which is a glorious consecration, and a powerful influence in preserving the high single standard of morality for which the church has always strongly stood and which generally has resulted in good morals and in happy marriages.

To Latter-day Saints the bearing and bringing up of children is not only a great privilege but is a mission. It is their part in the great divine plan. And this conviction, in addition to their love of home life and home companionship, stimulates them to determined effort to carry out these functions in such a way as to bring about the best final results.

To Latter-day Saint parents generally the most important thing in life, aside from the gospel itself, is their children and children's children. All else, including personal careers and ambitions, is secondary. Their offspring is their major interest, to which they dedicate themselves as does a reformer to his cause.

IN their plans for home and for home life the children are given first consideration. Their health is guarded and provision is made for their schooling, their leisure, and their spiritual welfare. There is hardly a family in the Church which is not willing to make real sacrifices to build up faith in their children and such a love for the gospel that their sons and daughters, without financial remuneration, serve gladly as missionaries for the church.

The ideal Latter-day Saint family is a democratic institution. While the father, who bears the Priesthood, is the head he recognizes his wife as a partner and together they council and plan for the benefit of the home and family. The family is thought of in terms of its individual members as well as in terms of the group. The rights of all are respected. Each member supports every other member in his individual work. Reciprocation is the rule in connection with home, community, and church duties. If the father is a Bishop the whole household supports him in this position. While the mother may feel that his duties require too much of his attention she wants him to succeed and therefore does not complain.

The mother may be president of the Relief Society. While the children naturally prefer to have mother at home they recognize her rights and the importance of the opportunity for her development, therefore they agree that Tuesday afternoon is mother's day and they help to make it possible for her to

be free at that time. Mary may be secretary of the Sunday School. If anyone is required to stay at home on Sunday morning it must not be Mary, for her Sunday School work is her major duty. Such is the procedure in the ideal Mormon home where people believe in individual development and in individual rights.

THE belief in the immortality of the spirit affects all reactions in the Latter-day Saint home. When a parent looks into the face of a little child believing that its spirit is immortal, that it will go on and eternally progress, there comes into his soul a feeling of reverence for the life and personality of this little being whom God has entrusted to his care, and he is willing to forego personal pleasure, even endure severe trials, rather than to deprive this little one of normal home life or of whatever else may be necessary for its proper growth and development.

The Church itself is also a democratic institution and it offers unusual opportunities for socializing both its families and its individual members. Every normal man, woman, and child in the church is given opportunity for some form of self-expression while multitudes are given experience in actual leadership. Any leadership activity on the part of any individual, even if that individual is but a youth, helps to raise the standard of, and stabilize his home. Priesthood and auxiliary activities and missionary service furnish unlimited opportunities for development in leadership. It requires approximately 200 local leaders to man a ward. With a thousand wards and branches this means 200,000 local leaders, in addition to the thousands of stake, mission, and general officers who are used throughout the church, and the host of missionaries.

The Latter-day Saint conception of the family and family relationship transcends all other views on this subject and this conception is a mighty force for sustaining and promoting the family and insuring it that permanence which is the ideal and the goal not only of Latter-day Saints, but of all other Christian people. This ideal together with the whole gospel plan results in a comprehensive and effective philosophy of life. It lifts the individual above the petty annoyances and tensions of life, gives him a new and broader vision, and enables him to see things in their proper relations, and to understand better their relative importance. It helps him to recognize and cast aside that which is temporary and passing, and to hold fast to that which has eternal value. It helps him to forgive and to endure, to face problems squarely and bravely, and to adjust to life's situations without bad reaction and injury either to his own personality or to the personality of others. It is a comprehensive philosophy of life which will stand him in good stead on all occasions, and under all circumstances if he can but adopt it and live in accordance with it.

In the church, temporal affairs have also received due consideration. Works have been combined with faith. In addition to its great spiritual message, unparalleled for motivation, practical instructions and guidance have been given on methods of living, which have greatly enriched family life; efforts have been put forth to control environment in the interest of the family; and when and where necessary family rehabilitation has been provided.

CHIEF among the guides to right living is the Word of Wisdom, a revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith in the interest of temporal salvation. This document, which emphasizes the proper care of the body, condemns tobacco and alcohol, advises against the use of hot drinks and other stimulating foods, and promises unusual blessings to those who observe it, has received commendation from medical doctors and nutrition experts throughout the world.

Family prayers tend to produce unity in the home. What is more beautiful, what more inspiring than to see a family with the cares of life laid aside, kneel together and together unite in rendering thanks to Divine Providence for blessings received, and unite in asking for inspirational guidance, each member taking his turn as spokesman. The blessing on the food, and secret prayers are other beautiful and cultural customs. The observance of Sunday, of Fast Day, and of the law of tithing brings blessings and compensations. Regular attendance at Sacrament Meetings, partaking worthily of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and membership in auxiliaries, all bring personal as well as family benefits.

The doctrine that "the Glory of God is Intelligence" is an incentive to learning. Great strides have been made by the Church in education, art, and music.

The Church has been a great factor in controlling environment in the interest of its people. It has instituted through its Priesthood Quorums and through its great auxiliary organizations comprehensive preventive programs of unusual excellence. It has fostered and stimulated normal individual and family life. It has made special efforts to create conditions which insure a normal, well-balanced group life. Living together in groups and communities, as the majority of this people do, has made the Church unusually successful in carrying out this program. Serious attention has been given to employment, to health problems, and to leisure-time activities, as well as to educational and spiritual welfare. Probably the best welfare work done by the Church has been along preventive lines, although great effort has been put forth to do effective corrective work.

The Church has tried to make people self-sustaining by furnishing employment, and to this end it has invested money in various projects and industries. The slogan has been "help people to help themselves." Home ownership has been encouraged, and for stabilizing family life there is nothing more potent. Home ownership encourages family solidarity and it encourages people to spend more time in the home. Special attention has been given to the Americanization of immigrant converts who, through the efforts of the Church, have become self-sustaining, capable, and patriotic American citizens.

Spring

By Claire S. Boyer

SPRING sweeps the heart clean of its pettiness
Leaving it tingling with expectancy
Faith-warm, love-kissed and hope bedewed.
A fresh and tender waiting garden plot
To cradle seeds of joy.

Health work, both along personal and public health lines, has been made a feature. In the early days of the Church health councils were conducted. In the interest of maternity and infant welfare, classes in home nursing and care of the sick and obstetrics were organized and neighborhood nursing was carried on in all of the early Mormon communities. Along the lines of public health such projects as securing pure water and establishing sanitary measures generally were encouraged.

THE leisure-time activities fostered have furnished the people with elevating amusements. Music, debating, home dramatics, social dancing and out-door sports have kept the young people entertained and happy, and in a measure have kept out less elevating activities. The Mutual Improvement Association has tried to prevent the feeling of loneliness among young people which often drives those who are supersensitive and have feelings of inferiority to lower companionship when the highest companionship is hard to attain. Recently great strides have been made in recreational activities. Gymnasiums and recreation halls have been and are being established in connection with the Church centers, and summer camps provided for vacation activities.

Education, both secular and religious, has, from early Pioneer days, been a great feature of Church activities. Before the state was financially able to establish public schools the Church established institutions covering the whole field of education. Today the plan and aim of the Church generally, except at Brigham Young University, is to limit its activities to religious education. To this end the Department of Education has provided week day religious instruction which is to be conducted parallel with the work of the public schools. The Primary Association, the Seminaries, and the Sunday Schools are devoted exclusively to religious education.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the organization and the efficiency of its operation, in actual practice some families break down so that outside forces such as relatives, the community, or the church must come to the rescue.

Family rehabilitation has always been a part of the family program of the Church. Large sums have been expended and almost unlimited volunteer service has been contributed to this cause. For ninety-one years the major work of the oldest auxiliary in the Church, the Relief Society, has been family welfare. For two decades this organization, in line with modern research and simultaneously with similar agencies throughout the world, has been placing emphasis on special preparation in order to carry out this important work effectively and intelligently.

EVEN with the well-rounded program the Church has provided there is evidence that renewed efforts should be made to strengthen this program and to extend it to meet the new and pressing needs of the family. After all it should be remembered that the Latter-day Saint group is a cross-section of humanity and is subject to the natural laws and to the social and economic forces which apply to the world in general. Latter-day Saints cannot afford to sit passively by and rest on their laurels. And furthermore, parents of today cannot get along in the same way as did the parents of the past. They must have more extensive and different preparation in order to meet successfully present conditions and situations which have been brought about in part by the extended use of machinery, specialized work, sharp competition, easy credit, high pressure salesmanship and advertising, new methods and higher standards of living which interfere with old ideas of tradition, economy, etc. All of these challenge the family as it has never been challenged before. Parents should also have the opportunity of secur-

Starting Next Month—April

A Five-Part Serial entitled

"Forever or Never"

By CAPTAIN TRUE BANHEARDT HARMSON

THIS is the story of a returned missionary who finds his home town not quite the Paradise he had been telling the world about, and of his difficulties in making adjustment to it. Captain Harmson returned from a Mission to Holland in 1928 and knows just how the Elder feels when he returns to his sweetheart and friends. Many will say the Captain has over-drawn, others will say he has under-drawn. What will your verdict be? Certain it is, he has presented the problems in a fiery manner which makes for reader interest.

In a letter to the editors the author says: "It is the humble belief of the writer that the period following the release of a missionary is the most important in the life of that boy or man, and yet it is a subject seldom touched upon either in story or discourse. It is not a tabu subject, is it?

"I know I had the wind taken out of my sails when I got home. I had been a conference president and had been considered a fine speaker, and it was said that I knew the Gospel. Well, there was nothing for me to do in the way of church activity. After the first handshake everybody proceeded to forget that I had ever been on a mission."

John Alder returns home from his mission, in the story, finds things different, and sets out to make them over. Did he succeed? Well, that's the story. This John was a red-blooded chap who could fight as well as preach and—he did both.

The story may be a little hard on the returned elder or on the folks at home, according to the way you view the matter. We expect all sorts of praise and—perhaps—criticism, but we're going to let the story start next month. Watch For It!

ing expert advice from specialists on how to meet the every-day individual family problems. It is often more difficult to understand the behavior of a child than it is to understand his physical needs.

Parents should know the new developments in Sociology, Psychology, and Psychiatry concerning family relationships and the standards of social ethics. Every year new theories are developed which attempt to show how to overcome some of the mistakes of the past, how to build for broader sympathies and more perfect understandings, and how to discover why human beings react the way they do.

Along with the new idea of adult education comes the crying need for more explicit education and preparation for courtship and marriage. And the Church has a wealth of opportunity for supplying this particular need in the recreation groups. For successful marriage it is necessary for young people to have opportunity to meet in groups so they can study their reactions toward one another and discover how successfully they fit into a group.

IN conclusion it is modestly and humbly suggested that the Church, the home, and the school everywhere unite in a campaign for: (1) Academic education for social relationships, marriage and parenthood; (2) Establishment in churches and clinics of a consultation service for family adjustment where such as the following may go for help: (a) Those who wish to change present characteristics which now cause them unhappiness and lessen their effectiveness; (b) Those who are in practical difficulties; (c) Husbands and wives who have difficulty in adjusting to each other; (d) Parents who want assistance in child guidance; (e) Young people who have difficulty in making adjustments. These academic subjects could be combined in a course on "The Family" which should be placed in every college curriculum, and especially in Brigham Young University, the great leadership college of the Church.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, brilliant sociologist and teacher, who helped to create the subject of modern sociology and particularly the teaching of applied sociology, and who instituted a course on "The Family" in Columbia University, when asked, "What should be taught to modern parents?" replied: "Psychology, personal and social; physical development on a well-defined biological foundation; the history and meaning of social institutions; the social aspects of education as a process in the spiritual evolution of the race—these are the essential studies for all men and women."

Mrs. Spencer felt that girls particularly should have opportunity for specialized study, because of the responsibility which will rest upon them later of laying the educational foundation for children and of creating in them wholesome, well-adjusted personalities.

The following recommendations by the committee of experts on family and parent education, Section 3, Committee A, White House Conference, made after 16 months' study and research support the above suggestions:

"Further research is needed on the social and economic factors affecting family life today. The relation of these factors to the family is worthy of the same careful consideration that has been given to the conditions of production in relation to industry and commerce.

"Institutions or research centers to study family relationships and processes of family life, as well as the economic and social factors operating upon the family today, should be established.

"Family consultation should be established with a staff composed of specialists in home economies, housing social work, law, psychiatry, psychology and sociology. These centers should be prepared to give advice and information on the different problems of family life.

"Instructions should be provided by schools and colleges to further the satisfactions of intelligent participation in family life and to prepare for courtship, marriage and parenthood."

Palmetto

Continued from page 272

mounted. I was all impatient. I strained my eyes on the dust that was now nearing the springs, and wondered if Cly and Harvey were on their horses, ready to begin the chase. But Don calmly sat down on a rock and began to talk, more to himself than to me: "He came with his mother four years ago. He was only a yearling then, but a pretty smart colt. Then for two years I never saw him. When he came back he had the little bay mare and black horse with him. Next he had twenty in his bunch; now there are thirty; an' he got old Kitchen's three thur'breds."

A smile stole over Don's tanned features as he looked up and said, with more enthusiasm than usual, "That yaller is one of the old stock, and he'll sire a bunch of real saddle horses, saddle horses worthy of carryin' a real buckayro." Looking up he said, "They are coming now."

For a moment my attention had been drawn from the horses. Now I eagerly followed his eyes. Sure enough! There was the tell-tale dust flying fast, and behind it a lesser dust, showing that Harvey and Cly were riding behind them!

NEARER and nearer they came! Yes, there is old "Pall," his long neck thrust out from the cloud of dust! The boys are holding their own, right behind them, riding like the wind. The stallion easily sustains his position. His sharp ears, set back on his mane, tell him where every horse behind runs, and his eyes and nostrils choose the forward path. On reaching the ridge, as Don anticipated, they circled south. Already some had dropped their tails and were laboring hard, under great excitement, to carry the load of water they had drunk. But the three leaders were gaunt, and galloped, firm and steady. They must have been cautious.

We mounted our horses. Jimmy strained eyes and ears on the band, as it rushed past us, and quivered with excitement, but Pedro stood calm, hardly paying them a passing glance. At the base of the ridge the boys stopped their sweating horses, and Cly called, "Luck."

I waved my hand and followed Don at breakneck speed. Still the stallion betrayed no excitement, but galloped steadily on. Before we had passed a mile, the three leaders only were before us. Their leader was no longer yellow, but like his companions, brown with dust and sweat. We evened our pace with him, and galloped mile after mile beneath the burning sun. It was marvelous how Pedro bore such a gigantic man as Don. His square shoulders worked without a sign of tiring—butting, butting through the dust.

"The little mare is going," said Don in a calm voice.

Before we had gone a hundred yards, her tail sank low; she was making her last efforts. O, it was pitiful to see her labor to keep those fair, white feet going! The gallant stallion was like a lover to her, often turning his head and coaxing her on by look and example. Slower and slower she went, straining on, the stallion always keeping at her side. But her efforts were all, all in vain! She sank lower at every leap, until her strength was exhausted. With a pitiful shudder and groan, she sank to her haunches. One last look was exchanged between them, and Palmetto galloped on beside the black.

Still, still the same pace, beneath the burning sun! Suddenly, without a sign of warning, the black gave a long leap and fell dead as a stone.

"That's mettle for ye!" was all Don said. But he leaned over and patted his horse's neck.

"Now, Peed, old boy, show what you are worth. Just a little faster; he's going! in a hundred yards I will reach him! Peed, Peed, you little son-of-a-gun, get along!"

BUT I looked upon the foaming Palmetto, who had so gallantly shown his worthiness to be free. I thought of his seven-mile run before he had reached the ridge. I admired his finely shaped body, even more because it was covered with dust and sweat; and his large nostrils more, because they were full of blood; and him more, for his mettle and endurance. Then, too, his long, flowing mane and tail, fresh in the breeze, presented such a striking contrast to his straining body, covered with sweat and blood. I watched old Pedro, and how I longed to see him weaken! But we neared, inch by inch, until just fifty yards ahead of us, the yellow mustang strained. "O, Spirit who guards the wild animals," I thought, "save this hero."

It seemed my prayer would be answered, for, as I looked on Pedro, covered with foam and sweat, I saw that his gait was no longer regular, that his short legs were no longer firm, and that his leaps were uneven. His master felt it, too.

"Your horse! Quick!" he cried. As I leaped to the back of his saddle, he sprang into mine.

O! how my heart sank, when I realized why I had been chosen to go along with Don, and when I saw Jimmy respond to his determined spur, when I saw Don uncoil his rope, with set lips and determined eye; when I saw that old Palmetto was working in vain! On he strained, d e r i v i n g his strength more from his spirit than his muscle.

Now the long rope swings back and forth by Don's side. He leans forward; his spur strikes the horse's flank; and, like a flash, the coil darts through the air! Will it reach? My eyes straining to follow it. I spurred up Pedro, who, relieved from his load, gathered his strength and easily followed.

I guide my horse aside, for the dust is between us. O! hard, cruel sight! Palmetto has felt his first rope. Still he bounds straight forward, straining his very life. Jimmy stops, his forefeet placed firm in the ground. The stallion leaps forward, and is thrown face to face with his captor. He strains back, but the rope, the saddle, the horse are strong. Is he going to choke down? No! No! He makes one wild leap forward, then whirls, and with his last strength bounds away.

"Spur! spur!" I cried, "and give him slack."

But before the sentence was finished, Palmetto lay on the plain. Don leaped from his horse to hobble him, but there was no need. Palmetto was dead, just a few rods from his home in the mountains!

AS I looked away to conceal a tear, I saw a buzzard fly from one of those jagged peaks, where it had sat, like an evil spirit, watching over the ranges; then another came from far away on the other side of the desert. Soon there were twenty circling about us.

When I turned around, Don was standing, with his arms locked behind him, looking down on the horse he had killed. Deep sorrow was plainly written on his sunburned face, but he slowly turned and mounted his horse in silence. As we rode back, we passed the black, then we saw the little mare trotting along. She stopped and looked at us. Her glance seemed a joyful one, because we did not bring Palmetto back a captive, and she quickened her pace to join him.

It has been three years since I handled the bit and spur; but now, as I write, the two tassels of golden hair, one from his mane and one from his tail, which I wore in my bridle buttons, recall the story of Palmetto's race to death!

(Reprinted from an Improvement Era of nearly 30 years ago.)

¶ *Mercur—Ghost Town of the Rockies*—

Continued from page 277

camp. Of course, you can't tell much about that. I think there's a lot of ore left in those hills. The camp may not be as big as it was before—there won't be any saloons, I guess. I've always said they'd find one of the biggest sulphide deposits in the state right there. It may be low grade, and wages are higher than they were. We used to get all the top miners we wanted at two and a quarter a day. But then, the new methods are better, I guess. Oh, I think maybe there'll be a camp there again." Then Mr. Bothwell's eyes look far, far away.

At any rate, right now carbide lights are driving out the darkness and gloom of seventeen years. Drill steel is biting its way into the old shale beds, teams are working on the dugway, and new tents are pitched where the Golden Gate saloon once stood.

Mercur is an uneasy ghost. It just won't stay dead.

¶ *Our Century of Progress in Industry*—

Continued from page 280

women of the world together. But they will take a step in advance of their pioneers when they arrange a program which relates not merely to the problems of womankind, but to the problems of humankind.

In the words of a distinguished foreign expert who has recently been lecturing in New York, "The congress will mark an epoch in feminine advancement, since it is the first time a congress of women has proposed to turn the power of organized womanhood towards a solution of the major problems of the world."

The Bible

By Virginia Eggertson

SING a song that has been tried,
That has been born, and lived, and died.
Not one new, lest, being young,
It sit too sharply on the tongue.

Sing a song that knows the road
As intimately as the toad
Who knows the trees and knows the dust
And knows the ruts that he can trust.

Sing a song that knows the weather,
Night and cold and rain together.
A log will stretch where feet have mired,
A plot of grass where they have tired.

Tell a story long since told,
Born and lived and grown too old.
Tell a story lived too long.
Tell a story * * * sing a song * * *.

To Verna

A Sonnet

By Alice Lee Eddy

GOD talked to you in earth and lake and sky.
You found his word in brook, in flower, in tree,
In roar of storm, the golden hum of bee,
The matin-song of bird, the night wind's sigh.
All beauty had a meaning in your eye;
You understood what I could only see,
And met earth's benediction reverently.
God talked to you; your life made sweet reply.
All nature's moods that made our hearts rejoice
To you were modulations of His voice
And you made answer by your noble living,
By feeling, trusting, serving, loving, giving.
You spoke no word, and yet dear friend, I knew,
You told me with your smile, God talked to you.

Dawn

By Fava K. Parker

DAWN is on the hill-top
And her wings drip gold;
Music of her mantle ripple fold on fold.

Through the silver silence
Of the borning day
Rosy lips of morning kiss the dark away.

Footsteps on the mountain
And a far bird sings—
Dawn is bringing melody on fragrant wings.

Jo Nell's Song

By Frances Hall

FLUFF out your petticoats and skip, Jo Nell;
Show the saucy asters you can do it just as well;
Twinkle on your toes, wrinkle up your nose,
Make your laughter tinkle like a little bell.
Like a happy bell, make your laughter swell
All the time you're scampering,
And skip, Jo Nell.

Hold up your sunny head and smile, Jo Nell:
Ask the dandelions if they've gold as fine to sell:
Chatter light as air, patter everywhere,
Make the brown leaves scatter as you run pell-mell,
As you run pell-mell where the poplars tell
How they love your curly head
And smile, Jo Nell.

Look afar with wondering eyes and dream, Jo Nell;
Hear the garden talking and the tall ferns in the dell;
Listen to the flowers glistening with showers;
You've so short a time in Make-Believe to dwell,
In Make-Believe to dwell by childhood's magic spell,
So look far with wondering eyes
And dream, Jo Nell.

The Wind

By Ruth Lindsay Brown

I LOVE the wind sometimes
It makes me feel so fierce and free,
I hate the wind sometimes,
Because I feel its tyranny.

The best poem of the year will receive a special prize.

Bryce—a Poem in Clay

The Hunger Song

By Hugh Randall Ackley

HIGH up the slope where dwarfed chaparral grows,
Bent down and matted by Winter's deep snows;
Where the tall pines brood thru the long cold night.
In the ghastly gleam of the dead Moon's light;
Their majestic shadows, far flung below
In black silhouette on the drifted snow—
There the North-wind sings, through the whole night long
The weird moaning strains of the hunger song.

On the lofty ridge in the cougar's lair—
Deep in the glade, in the den of the bear—
Underneath black firs where the bobcat creeps—
On the wind swept butte where the coyote sleeps;
Nature's wild killers, in the white terrain,
Join the North-wind's dirge; a hunger refrain.
The white shrouded forest, mantled in gloom,
Quickens to echo the death call and doom.

The Cougar's scream and the grizzly's grunt
Will apprize the deer of the hunger hunt.
The lean bobcat's whine from the shadows deep,
Makes the blood run cold in the mountain sheep.
The coyote's long wail when it rends the air,
Strikes fear to the heart of the snow-bound hare.
The light of gray dawn shows the snow dyed red
Where the prowlers of night have killed and fed.

No power can save the weak from the strong,
Where the North-wind chants the dread hunger song.

Vision

By Estelle Webb Thomas

IN youth he glimpsed a vision bright,
He saw himself a plumed' knight,
Defender staunch, of Truth and Right.

But life's dull fabric, so it seems,
Has naught to do with stuff of dreams—
His gleaming mail is—faded jeans.

A patient beast—his fiery steed,
His winged' words—a bag of seed,
His cause—a growing family's need.

But as the good brown earth he tills,
Undimmed, a shining vision fills
The eyes he lifts to God's green hills.

Silver Linings

A HOBBY *for* TOM, DICK *and* HARRIET

By CLAIRE W. NOALL

CHEEK, cheek!" came a barking little voice.

"Cheek, cheek!" louder, and more insistently.

Chatter away old squirrel, thought I, as I sat on the porch of our mountain home. You're a bit noisy this afternoon, but I shan't stir from my lazy nook nor be one jot disturbed by all your hubbub.

"Cheek, cheek! Cheek, cheek!" tattooed a loud staccato in my ears.

Not squirrel, but squirrels, I observed.

Louder and louder, echo upon confusion!

"Saucy, quarrelsome things! What are you up to?" I gave in to the din of their harsh little voices, pulled myself up, and went over to the other end of the veranda to see what was going on in the squirrel family which dwelt among the foundation-rocks of my open-air living room. I never could resist them!

To my amused consternation they had pried open the latch of the outdoor, screened larder, and there in the woodsie grass of the yard lay a choice water-melon, broken into tempting chunks. What a banquet! The seeds of the melon were being split open and devoured by these thieving little friends of mine.

The head of this gray bushy-tail clan, in all his fat dignity, was not one whit above a loud dispute over a luscious seed with his great nephew, once removed, one of the babies of the tribe. And so they went at it, chattering as they stuffed, this family of squirrels, fathers, mothers, youngsters—no birth control here. They had been my neighbors for several summers, tenants in fact, for they occupied what was literally the ground-floor

of our cabin. The only rent being asked or given was their cheery company, and even the spreading mountain maples were wholly at their disposal.

FOR years I had watched the squirrels growing and increasing in number. They became friendly enough, or hungry enough, (for who knows their real motives?) to dart up to my side to snatch a crust of bread, and then go scampering away. And amusing! If I made one rustle a shade too loud among the leaves and twigs where I sat watching, in a flash, old man squirrel would give a secret signal and with lightning-like rapidity would sit straight up on his little haunches like a piece of petrified wood. Instantly the others would follow, the older ones remaining in position without a flicker. But the babies—they were too cunning! Unable to keep perfectly motionless, they swayed ever so slightly, but give them a little more time—they'll learn.

Strangely enough, upon returning to the canyon the following summer, I looked in vain for the squirrels. What do you think had taken their place? Living on our hillside, were some big black blow snakes, famed enemy of rodents. I missed the squirrels dreadfully, but they must have deemed it the better part of wisdom to seek a new home. However, the snakes were hardly less interesting, and there was partial consolation in the myriads of chipmunks which played about in the trees in spite of the menace. There were some interesting garter snakes in our vicinity, too. One large female laid her eggs in a warm sandy place. A little smaller than a pullet's egg, they had soft milk-white shells, marked with semi-circular indentations like the eyes of a potato. Stacking the eggs in graduated rows, the snake arranged them in a triangular mound, and then cementing them together with a sticky gelatine-like substance, she covered them with sand and kept them warm and moist until the snakelets were hatched, little wriggling things about four inches long.

But squirrels are my real hobby. I have read their history in books and have studied them from real life; I have learned when and why their coats turn white, and have gathered as much information as I can concerning the habits of the

different species. I raised a bushy-tail from the time it was a baby; it ate from my hand. I stuffed another, seeking aid from a taxidermist.

And by the way, have you a hobby? No? Ah—what an opportunity you are missing for an enraptured study!

Surely there must be something you like to do better than most anything else in the world, something quite aside from your work, because your work is your means of subsistence, and your hobby—well, that's quite different. It is your relaxation and the expression of an inner self that might just lie dormant and be all choked up if you didn't develop it by means of an absorbing interest. In these topsy-turvy days, when the world is so work-a-day for those who put in long hours for small pay, and for those who have problems mounting to the sky, it is glorious to be able to look forward to spending a few moments of leisure in doing some things with wholehearted enthusiasm, and thus renew the well-springs of life.

Or if the reverse is true and you are confronted with endless hours of unemployment, you can find a way to pack those hours full of honest interest and spontaneous feeling. Open the door to the kingdom of your most vital attraction. Enter! There is a new world of special interest for you and all the people whose inner urge is in the same field of exploration as yours. What an opportunity for friendship, for interesting conversation, and for an active participation in something real and worthwhile! You'll find you haven't known yourself before, and moreover, you never know to what good end your hobby might lead.

NATURE MAGAZINE, for June, 1932, tells how Mr. Tracy V. Buckwalter's hobby took a most unexpected turn. He set out black-walnut trees, red oak, sugar maple, white ash, tulip poplar, spruce, and pine, near his home in Canton, Ohio, because he loved them. They were his hobby. But it turned out that he made a forest in his spare time; he had planted one hundred seventeen acres of trees, which took their unrivalled place as the largest reforestation project in Ohio.

I heard of another man, a meat-packing laborer, who is the crony of capitalists and professionals high up in the scale of legal and medical practice, because he makes flies that "land 'em sure." He possesses great knowledge of the wily trout, much to the sorrow of *Mr. Icthy*, for his flies too often prove to be an irresistible lure to the denizens of this finny tribe. One hazardous venture from the cool shadows of their watery paradise, and alas, they are all too apt to become victims of his certain bait, the hobby of this interesting working man.

Perhaps you've thought that hobbies have come into being just for eccentrics to display their eccentricities. But no—they are intrinsically interwoven with one's individuality, and individuality needs encouragement to be developed, in contrast to the uniformity that is stamping its monotonous imprint upon our minds and souls through the gifts of modern invention. The radio and the silver screen open up a vast and inestimable opportunity for education, understanding, cosmopolitanism, and beauty of sound and scene, but unwisely indulged in, there is a potent danger that they may reduce us to ant-like sameness, "and another little ant carried another grain of sand, and another little ant carried another grain of sand." We must save ourselves from carrying grains of sand, from filling the same mould as everyone else, and from looking out with blank eyes upon the same aspects of life.

Nature has endowed some people with clever hands which are able to execute fine feats in craftsmanship. Others have an insatiable desire to make collections, and if one is not too particular, anything from coins and curios to passports will do. Some people have a kinship with Mother Nature, who is generous indeed to those who would study any of her various specializations. Communion with nature is a solace to the heart. And other people love books. Truly, world upon world is open to those who lose themselves in reading. Vicariously they may travel by air or by sea, and they may share thrilling adventures and spine-creeping mysteries. They may relive the past and plan the future; they may know the lives of great characters, historical, and imaginary, and they may broaden their own lives until their capacity for fine living is tremendously increased. Some people have a secret passion for reading and writing poetry. If you are one of them, don't be too secret about it, there is a colony in every community with whom you can share your love for lyric expression and majestic thought. Whatever it is that satisfies your most ardent desire, rest assured that you were made on purpose to indulge in that diversion.

A PACKAGE of seeds once opened up a new world of beauty for a friend of mine. Extremely busy with work and responsibility, she wasn't aware that within her heart there was an incipient desire to grow flowers that was almost bursting for expression until she received the seeds. She planted them; they grew and blossomed, and lo—her garden is her love and her relaxation.

And just come with me into the garden of one who didn't need the package of seeds to tell her how much she liked growing things. Perhaps not so busy, and with more time if not more love, she has always been devoted to raising plants. Her garden overlooks a cleft hill. Nothing stands between it and the summer sunset or evening star. Winding paths zigzag down the hillside between wild mountain shrubs and trees which she has transplanted. Alpine flowers whose roots were wedded with mountain soil but a season ago, now smile up at her as she finds a seat in some shady spot where she can dream or read. Lovingly she has laid out her garden. Some plants like sun, some like shade, some varieties lend themselves to a riotous confusion of color, while others are prim and require geometrical order for their well being. This friend of mine knows all their idiosyncrasies, and she's indulgent. She doesn't mind spoiling them; she even pampers. And through the long winter evenings she studies catalogues and species. Latin nomenclatures don't seem so unbelonging when the snow is on the ground, and learning them all, she makes pet names of those long words for her flowers.

Life can be transformed from dull, gray routine to glowing, vibrating enthusiasm when one has

(*Continued on page* 314)

Lights & Shadows on the Screen

Billion Dollar Scandal
Melodramatic story of an ex-convict who discloses the crooked manipulation of the stock-market and the illegal leasing of oil lands by a rich man and his associates. Obviously based on the Tea-pot Dome affair. *Good for adults.*

Cavalcade
England's march of events in the 20th century, and its effects upon the lives of an English family. Epic in its sweep, universal in its scope, but personalized through individual reactions. *Excellent for adults and young adults.*

Madame Butterfly
Charming and appealing is this talking version of the well-known story of the tragic love of a Japanese girl for an American officer. Fine photography and interesting effects. Definitely lacks the magic of Puccini's music. The Japanese baby almost steals the picture. *Family.*

No Man of Her Own
No earthly reason for the title. Sophistication suggested by drinking, gambling, and unnecessary disrobing makes the picture a first class waste of time.

No Other Woman
Against the background of steel mills, the picture paints an ordinary story of the old triangle, with nothing original enough to save it from mediocrity. The play is well cast and acted, but that is not enough. *Adults, if any.*

East of Fifth Avenue
Interest centers, in the beginning, on the making of American citizens among the foreign-born in New York. From the scenes showing reverence for the flag, love of courage, truth and justice, the picture swings to the underhanded methods of a ring of politicians and gamblers, and the destruction of their ring. *Family.*

Employees Entrance
The theme is the building up of a great department store which shows the ruthlessness of the human machine whose god is power. Some unpleasant suggestions mar an otherwise good picture. *Adults only.*

Do you ever wonder what the exhibitors of pictures think of them? Because they put up superlative statements of the delights and superior points of every picture, do you think they believe it all? If you have not realized that audience opinion affects the exhibitors, read what some of them have said concerning various films. The quotations just below are from the Motion Picture Herald, one of the leading trade magazines of the industry.

As You Desire Me
"There is only one way my patrons desire Garbo. That is for her to stay on the other side of the ocean."

Grand Hotel
"Good picture, but did not draw. About the worst licking I ever took on a big picture."

Letty Lynton
"Another one of Metro's fine big downtown pictures that I wish they had run exclusive. Without a doubt the worst picture I ever looked at."

Smilin' Through
"Had more people tell us this was the best picture they had ever seen, than any other movie we have ever shown."

Night After Night
"One of the best pictures we have shown this year. Made a hit with everyone."

"A swell picture. The cast was faultless and is this boy Raft "acoming?" Just watch him. A story with plenty of thrills and human interest. Not enough gang stuff to hurt."

Night of June 13th
"Good. Will please all classes. Charley Grapewin steals the show. You can boost this and not have to hide when the patrons go out. All players excellent."

Forty-Second Street
A back-stage drama of the hard work, anguish and romance that go into the making of a light opera. Plot thin, action slow. Some scenes are excellent, but the over-emphasis of chorus girls is boring and common.

Hello, Everybody
Sincere, appealing story, with Kate Smith as the big and big-hearted singer from the farm perfectly cast. *Family.*

Rasputin and the Empress
At last the long heralded three-Barrymore play of the fanatical Russian monk is ready. Characterizations are excellent. An astonishing and fascinating performance, it cannot be called entertaining, for it leaves one with a feeling of repulsion. However, it is real, and it is significant. *Adults.*

Second Hand Wife
Slow-moving, inoffensive drama of social complexities. Motives are thin and plot somewhat unconvincing. Just another picture. *Not for children.*

Sign of the Cross
Old story of the court of Nero, in contrast with the humble sincerity of the outlawed Christians, holds its own in the talking picture. Leading parts splendidly cast. Over emphasis on the vivid and brutal scenes of the arena, where the Christians are thrown to the starving lions, makes the picture of doubtful pleasure. *Adults.*

Son-Daughter
With a setting of San Francisco Chinatown, the picture has a distinction all its own. Good clean melodrama, in spite of a couple of murders. Delightfully cast. *Adults and young adults.*

Lucky Devils
Stunt men of the movies showing their superstitions and dangers. Another movie of the movie folk. Too much drinking injures the story. Too exciting for many. *Adults and young adults.*

Nagana
A peculiar hodge-podge of supposed scientific campaign against the tsetse fly. So many savage elements intermingled as to make the thing incongruous and unconvincing. *Adults.*

The Privilege of Age

By VIDA D. SCUDDER

(*Atlantic Monthly* for Feb., 1933)

MANY people are going to be seventy years old some day, and because of the Psalmist's idea, there is a bit of dread connected with reaching that age. If we are to divide life into periods, it seems convenient and logical to call seventy the beginning of old age. Much has been written about old age, naturally, for unless life ends prematurely, old age is an inevitable experience, and challenging. Most of life's events are rather special—not everyone marries, gets divorced, knows bereavement, loses his job, goes bankrupt, knows disaster and want. Some people never encounter a special crisis. But everyone who lives long enough grows old.

It is a grave business, this entering old age. Many people find it sad; most people expect to. The general assumption is that everyone would stay young always, if that were possible. Now here I am, actually seventy years old, and for my own sake, as well as others my age, I want to think the thing out on paper—want to draw a plan for the new path I must make. Will it lead toward blankness, height or abyss; end or beginning?

First, I take issue with the idea that it is better to be young than old. I enjoy being old far more than I did being young, for I feel so very much more alive. Not in my rheumatic body, which hates to get up and loves to go to bed; is too deaf to enjoy theaters, lectures, dinners. It is too feeble to start on a thrilling mountain climb—the worst deprivation of all—although I do go on short hikes and enjoy them. I cannot smell as well as I used to, and while there are a number of smells I am glad to escape, like gasoline, there are others I miss badly, like violets and lilies. But I can still dream of them.

Why, in view of these things, can I say I feel more alive than when I was young? Partly because what messages are brought to me through the senses, I have time to receive and enjoy. In the old days, days I could not stroke a kitten without the guilty feeling that I should be up and doing something of value to humanity. It is pleasant to realize that humanity gets along without me surprisingly well. And now I can take time to enjoy the color of a daffodil, the dear evasions of an hepatica bud in spring, the form of that Greek amphora. I am no longer under the tyranny of time. Part of the delight I take in beautiful things seems to depend largely on my very limitations—I find that looking at beauty in part is better than looking at the whole. An element of abstention, of restraint, must enter into all the finer joys. One daffodil can mean more than the whole host; the less is seen, the more easily one enters the land of heart's desire, where loveliness abides forever. Even youth knows that there is beauty in the half-revealed. A sudden parting of clouds to reveal a sunlit snowfield will be a greater memory than a sight of the whole Alpine range.

One of the real sources of refreshment to the elderly is the renunciation of greed, with its two phases: the lust for possession and the lust for achievement. Escape from responsibility is another delicious experience. Committees are formed without one; the old desk calls one no more. It can be a triumphant experience. Even if one is laid on the shelf, one realizes that the shelf affords an excellent view of what is going on.

In old age, purposes, which have chased us relentlessly, may be laid aside for the fuller life. Energy can be transferred. With the time now available I can explore the fields I had no time for before—mathematical physics, Byzantine art, Poincare. What fun! What does it matter that memory is less acute than of yore? The power of enjoyment, while it survives, is just as keen. And memory is just suspended, not gone. I have known two cases where minds apparently gone were restored to radiant clarity just before death. Never have I felt more convincing proof of immortality.

Those who live deeply always live by paradox. To gain "The Privilege of Poverty" was to Saint Clare the crowning victory of life. I have written this study of "The Privilege of Age" in the assured conviction that this privilege also may be a crown of victory.

Food: A Giant Industry

By HOWARD FLORENCE

(*Review of Reviews* for Feb., 1933)

THIRTY-FOUR years ago the Uneeda Biscuit Company pasted on billboards the picture of a small boy in oilskins, with a box of crackers under his arm. Upon him and the kind of crackers he carried a business has been built which earns as much as sixteen million dollars, in a depression year. The package was moisture-proof against the dampness of the grocer's cracker-barrel and the dampness of the consumer's pantry. Over the intervening period of years, the idea of freshness has dominated the sales talk for foods of all kinds. Largely through the growth of advertising, the twentieth century, so far, has witnessed a complete transformation of the food habits of the whole country. No matter where you live, you buy the closed can and sealed package in preference to open bag and barrel products.

The whole business of food ranks first in America, the latest estimate of expenditures being in the neighborhood of 17 billions of dollars annually. This is more than the sum spent for clothing and rent combined. On the New York Stock exchange alone there are forty-six companies in the official Food Industry class. At the peak in 1929 the market value of the shares of these companies exceeded 4 billion dollars, now shrunk to 1 2/3 billion in the general deflation. Even now the Food Industry group averages 34 million dollars each, in comparison with an average value of 24 million each for the railroads, and in addition to these publicly owned companies there are in the country many privately-owned corporations whose figures and values are unrevealed.

To take a few large companies as examples of growth of many: in Feb., 1898, three important companies merged to form the National Biscuit Company. Subsequent to which other companies were absorbed and the stock steadily climbed in value. At one time the stock was worth $263 per share, but in spite of the drop to $40 the company earned 16 million dollars during 1932.

Another interesting company is the

"General Foods," grown from the Postum Company of 1895. Charles W. Post, the founder, began by making a harmless whole wheat and bran drink; soon he was calling it Postum Cereal and making a great deal of it. Two years later he offered his new breakfast food, Grape Nuts, made of wheat and barley. From those two health foods he became a rich man. After his death in 1914, the company began to market a third product—Post Toasties—soon joined by Post's Bran Flakes. By 1925 the company was expanding, having bought out companies making gelatine dessert, cake flour, tapioca, chocolate, cocoanut, decaffeinized coffee, syrup, coffee, baking powder and salt. And now it is making a new venture, and promising housewives a list of quickly-frozen foods—meats, poultry, seafoods, vegetables and fruits—which lose none of their natural flavor and provide the table with delicious foods out of season. Altogether this company distributes 80 branded products, some of which are widely advertised on the radio and elsewhere.

Other food companies have similar histories. There can be no attempt to list all of them. During the years of depression the market value of the Food Industry group has depreciated less than that of any other except tobacco and perhaps public utilities. People must eat, no matter what happens, and the cost of raw materials has shrunk during the past three years fast enough to leave a fair margin of profit on the retail cost. Bad competition is keen in the food business, but the leaders in the big industries depend upon reputable advertising to keep their names before the public.

Noticeable improvement has been made in the containers of various foods, it being taken for granted that the foods themselves could not be improved. Food is put into smaller containers at the same relative cost, there being less danger from spoilage thus. The foods offered by these large food industrial concerns, as well as some of the smaller ones, are guaranteed for quality and its distribution is now becoming so efficient that all over the country are satisfied customers; the bond between producer and retailer is strengthened and the story of the Food Industry is one of health, efficiency and ideals and is one of interest.

The Turning of the Tide

By JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

(*Forum* for Feb., 1933)

THE depression has remained with us longer than any of us thought possible, not only financially, but in spirit. Those who declared that the crisis of 1929 could last only a few months were no more accurate in their predictions than those who assured us in 1914 that the war would be over by Christmas.

One fallacy we are holding concerning the change in the tide of affairs is that a manifest destiny is guiding our country, regardless of what the people do, while, as a matter of fact, we are not merely observers of a great national drama—we are actors in it. Certainly the progress of the nation has been due to the fact that its men and women have believed in something and someone higher than themselves. But the destiny of a land must be based, fundamentally, on the characters who can make a high destiny possible.

The second fallacy is the one of "economic sovereignty," which is a tendency to explain everything which happens through economics. The search for an economic explanation of conditions and a financial master-key which will open every lock, is a pessimistic attitude, quite the opposite of the "manifest destiny" idea. Certainly economic causes are important in tracing the present depression, but they cannot be regarded as independent of the activities of the human being. We cannot change the forces of natural economic law, but we may direct these forces toward our desired ends. It is the outstanding distinction of the human species that it can command circumstances to obey its wish and will.

The periods of prosperity and depression through which we have been passing have taught us many things. One is that we are in danger of losing not only our wealth and material comforts, but also our spirit. No matter what the future may hold, we must have trust in our own powers if we are to face conditions with any degree of satisfaction. The untapped sources of our power must be called upon. We cannot allow a deflation of the spirit. Instead of dissipating our energies in brooding over our distress, we must develop the courage and hope which will give us the will to overcome.

Another lesson our experience should teach us is our need for renewed idealism. Not the idealism which is a philosophy separate from the affairs of practical living, but an appreciation of values greater than any material things. And there are such values—affection within family groups and circles of friends, interest in the welfare of humanity, instinctive appreciation of order and beauty, a sense of justice and fair play, of duty and honor, dictates of conscience and integrity of character. "These are the things that men live by." Without them we live on the surface of existence, and never sound its depths.

One of the frozen assets which have helped to continue the depression has been that of character. Instead of the scornful attitude toward the old-fashioned idea of character, we need a reaffirmation in thought and practice of the fact that there is a great difference between right and wrong. Individual interests in business methods must give way to a quickening sense of the common lot of man. We have been short-sighted in failing to understand that prosperity of the whole can be maintained only when the prosperity of all parts is assured. The common weal must be our objective. In trouble it is easy to realize that we are all one, but prosperity brings an absorption in self-interest that makes cooperation impossible. The common peril now confronting us is that we may be left morally and spiritually bankrupt.

The year 1932 was the anniversary of Goethe and Washington, and there are two thoughts expressed by them which we might well bear in mind. Goethe said: "What you have inherited from your fathers you must earn for yourself before you can call it your own." Washington said, "It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages that might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?"

What we have inherited from our fathers we read in the words of Washington. The responsibility which our heritage places upon us, we find in the admonition of Goethe.

Leap Year Customs

Continued from page 263

the King. Of course, the jester refused, but he presented each with a kiss and a silken gown, according to the custom.

According to a quaint book, published in London, under the title of "Love, Courtship and Marriage," the English seem to have taken the leap-year custom as an unwritten law, for the author says: "Albeit, it nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every leap year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love, either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

Melchizedek Priesthood

The New Manual

THE Priesthood committee of the Church in the new manual which is just off the press, announces a step forward in the operation of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Under the new arrangement the monthly quorum meetings are to receive a new emphasis, a complete order of business of which is given on this page.

On account of the fact that many wards have had difficulty finding an appropriate time for the weekly group activity meeting a plan by means of which that activity meeting may be combined with the Gospel Doctrine class of the Sunday School is suggested. Under the old method activity groups of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood met at 9 o'clock Sunday morning or at 11:30. In some cases neither of these hours seemed satisfactory for one reason or another. The suggestion is now made that members of the various Melchizedek groups of the ward may meet with the Gospel Doctrine Class of the Sunday School. In that case, however, the Gospel Doctrine Class will become more than a class, it will be the activity meeting of the groups as well.

Under this plan the time of the class will be extended a few minutes, then each Sunday not more than fifteen minutes of class time may be used for reports of group activities. The secretary of the ward group will keep his roll of those present from his quorum, and the secretary of the Sunday School will keep a roll of the entire class.

In those wards where this plan is used a separate meeting of the ward activity group will be unnecessary. This system, naturally, will place greater emphasis upon the Monthly Quorum meeting.

Where quorums or stakes are well organized there is no thought of making any change this year except to place a new emphasis upon the monthly Quorum Meeting. Each ward activity group is still to maintain its four permanent committees, viz: Personal Welfare, Church Activity, Class Instruction, and Miscellaneous.

Here is a suggested plan which, in the opinion of the Priesthood Committee, would work well. The quorums may be organized on a stake basis with these four permanent committees. For instance, the stake may have a Personal Welfare Committee made up as desired. This committee could have a list of the names of all members of the quorum in the stake and could work through the ward committee with every individual member of the quorum. In smaller wards perhaps a single man would constitute the committee. The other three committees could be organized in exactly the same manner.

This ward committee could in the Gospel Doctrine Class give reports of activity, as there is no particular reason why the women, also, should not know what conditions prevail in the ward especially as they pertain to members of the priesthood.

In addition to making this report, the ward committee could inform the stake committee in order that it, in turn, could make its report.

We are including here a few paragraphs from a letter which has been sent to Presidencies of Stakes and Bishoprics of Wards:

"To obviate some difficulties encountered by the stakes in the holding of Priesthood group or activity meetings at various times, it is recommended by the Council of the Twelve and approved by the First Council of Seventy and the Presiding Bishopric that the group or activity meetings of both Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthood quorums may be held during the Sunday School hour from 10 to 12 o'clock."

"The other period precedes 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Those wards which are now holding successful activity meetings from 9 to 9:50 a. m. on Sunday should continue as at present unless they think greater good may be accomplished by combining the activity work with the class recitation during the Sunday School period from 10 to 12. It should be carefully noted, however, that when these activity meetings precede the Sunday School session they should be dismissed no later than 9:55 a. m.

"It should also be remembered that in those wards which choose to incorporate the activity work with the class period, the time must be extended ten or fifteen minutes so that the minimum of 45 minutes lesson work may still be retained. Under these circumstances the quorum secretary or group secretary should give credit for attendance at the activity meeting and the Sunday School secretary record the attendance at the Sunday School session. This applies to the Melchizedek as well as to the Aaronic Priesthood.

"Definite instructions relative to record keeping, to specific duties of quorum officers, group leaders, committees, etc., will be found in the new Priesthood Manual, copies of which may be obtained at the Deseret Book Company. Price: $1.80 per dozen; single copies 20c; 2 copies for 35c; postage prepaid.—*From The Council of the Twelve.*

Reasons Why Tithing Should Be Paid

A Weekly Thought on Tithe Paying

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN, B. Y. U.

1. God has commanded that all members of His Church shall "pay one-tenth of all their interest annually." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 119, Verse 4.)

2. Tithing is a law of the land of Zion. This is definitely stated as follows: 'Those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 119, Verse 4.)

3. The paying of tithing is proved to be a basic, voluntary, ethical, rational, and moral procedure of financing an organization, and is, therefore, a natural system of dividing and distributing moneys and commodities within a group of people.

4. The paying of tithing establishes a moral habit and a resultant moral life.

5. The observance of the law of tithing has a tendency to direct the individual's attention toward the observance of other fundamental and integrative principles and laws, and to make him more appreciative of the sources of their origin and perpetuation.

6. The paying of tithing is an index to Saintship.

7. The individual who pays tithing cheerfully is happy.

8. The law of tithing is a divine, useful and equitable law and induces like qualities in the individual who pays it.

9. The paying of tithing tends to eliminate selfishness and makes men more generous spirited.

10. The paying of tithing is a vital factor toward the establishment of essential missions and the perpetuation of the great fundamentally important Latter-day Saint Missionary and Contact System.

11. The paying of tithing is one of God's laws, the observance of which brings certain needed blessings.

12. The observance of the law of tithing stimulates charity—that greatest and most essential of all spiritual qualities—and urges its practice in all affairs of life.

Quorum Duties Emphasized in New Manual

THE "Priesthood Manual, a Handbook for Quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood," which is now ready for distribution, outlines in a most comprehensive form the duties and the procedure of the quorums of the higher priesthood. Considerable space is devoted to the monthly quorum meetings and to the duties of the four standing committees.

In speaking of the monthly meeting the manual says in part:

"The monthly quorum meeting is indispensable to quorum success. Indeed, without this association of members in a common purpose there can be developed no quorum consciousness. * * * The purposes of the monthly quorum meetings are:

"1. To make clear the place of the quorum in the Church.

"2. To improve individual standards of living.

"3. To consider current events.

"4. To receive reports of services rendered and to make assignments for the coming month.

"5. To foster true fellowship in the Brotherhood of Christ.

"6. To set free the spirit that it may be more responsive to the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

"7. To become better acquainted with one another, and thereby bury envy and hard feelings and foster kindliness and appreciation.

"8. To sense the security that comes from union.

"9. To aid one another to become successful in temporal matters.

"10. To attend to current business pertaining to the quorum, and to make the group an efficient organization in promoting the Kingdom of God on earth."

Essential elements in the success of the monthly quorum meetings were listed in the manual as follows:

"1. A convenient hour.

"2. A suitable assembly room.

"3. Promptness in opening the meeting.

"4. A presidency united and well prepared.

"5. An order of business followed with despatch.

"6. A worth-while program.

"7. A sense of obligation to the quorum members."

The suggestive order of business for the monthly quorum meeting given in the manual is as follows:

"1. Singing.

"2. Prayer.

"3. Singing.

"4. Reports of committees:

"a. Regular committees. At this time one or more of the standing committees (Personal Welfare, Church Activity, Class Instruction, and Miscellaneous) should give a brief written report and recommendations.

"b. Special committees. Under this heading committees should be appointed for special projects. * * *

"5. Consideration of quorum duties relative (1) to established meetings, (2) Needs of missionaries, of missionaries' families, (3) Needs of members, etc.

"6. Further assignments and appointments.

"7. Consideration of principles of conduct or of current events.

"At every monthly meeting there should be time for the presentation of a timely, inspirational topic. How this shall be treated shall be left to the initiative judgment of the presiding officers or of the program committee. Some quorums consider one theme for twelve consecutive meetings, others take up a special topic for each.

"8. Singing.

"9. Benediction."

High Priests of Wasatch Stake Report

OUR High Priests' Quorum has been organized under the new plan for two years. We have a group leader to direct the labors of the committees in each ward. We have not been as successful as many others but we are interested in the work and our quorum presidency meet each week to discuss ways and means for the advancement of the quorum. Our committees have visited the members of the quorum the week before Stake quarterly conference, also the week before the uniform lesson for the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School.

Our group leaders meet monthly with the ward correlation committee. Our instructions to the committees have been for them to follow the instructions given in the guide for the Melchizedek Priesthood. While we have not reached the standard outlined we have a better condition each year. We have a report sent to our quorum secretary monthly. We have an enrollment of 163, with an attendance of 40% for the quarter ending Sept. 30 at Stake Priesthood meeting. About 10% of our members are aged and indisposed and are unable to attend meetings.

Our committees did some commendable work visiting the sick and rendering assistance in many instances. An increasing spirit of fellowship and good feeling is very apparent.—*A. Y. Duke.*

High Priests of Idaho Falls Stake Undertake Church Service

FOR some time past thoughtful men have foreseen that missionary expense could not much longer continue to be considered exclusively a family responsibility. Therefore, a rational plan would be for Quorums of the Priesthood in the Stake from which the missionary goes, to render financial assistance.

By request of the Stake Presidency the High Priests Quorum of Idaho Falls Stake considered this question. As a result, by vote, they unanimously pledged themselves to contribute, at the following Quorum meeting, one dollar, more or less, as a nucleus; and, thereafter, by a monthly contribution of fifty cents. From these funds thirty-five dollars monthly will be set aside for missionary assistance. If possible, assistance will be rendered several if it is found they can go, if part of their expense is assured from other sources, rather than use the entire amount for one representative.

The details of the project were conveyed to the members of the Quorum by means of a circular letter sent out by the Church Service Committee and at the same time they enclosed a mimeographed reprint from the August issue of *The Improvement Era* entitled "A Challenge to High Priests.

The High Priests have accepted this project as an opportunity and a duty; the Seventies and Elders Quorums of the Stake are planning to adopt the same plan.—*Jacob T. Trayner.*

I Want Peace

By Ardyth Kennelly

I WANT peace.
Don't look for me.
(There'll be a hill,
There'll be a tree,

And a white goat
Nibbling flowers,
Leaping in sunshine,
Drowsing the hours

Up on the hill,
Under the tree * * *)
I want peace.
Don't look for me.

Aaronic Priesthood

Special Notice

CORRELATION COMMITTEE ORGANIZATION, MEETINGS AND REPORTS

IN examining the monthly report of ward teaching and meetings submitted by the stake clerks, it is observed that quite a number of wards are not holding monthly correlation meetings.

The importance of the correlation plan as it affects young men between the ages of 12 and 20 years cannot be over-emphasized, and it is sincerely hoped that stake presidencies and ward bishoprics will see that organizations are immediately effected in the stake and all of the wards of the stake so that these meetings will be held regularly each month, and the activities of the correlation committee carried out as outlined.

There should be no misunderstanding as to the proper organization and plan and program of correlation work. The personnel and the functions of the ward and stake committees are very clearly outlined in the pamphlets issued by this office April 4, 1931, and restated in the minutes of the Aaronic Priesthood Conventions of April and October, 1931, and April, 1932. The minutes of these conventions were mailed to stake presidencies and ward bishoprics and should have been carefully preserved for reference. It is recommended that all who are not familiar with the correlation plan review these minutes carefully. *Monthly reports from the wards to the stake committee are required, and a similar monthly report from the stake to the Presiding Bishopric, as requested in the original plan.*

It is hoped that when the reports of ward teaching and meetings are received for the balance of this year that all wards of the church will report the monthly correlation meeting held.

The Presiding Bishopric.

Use of Lesson Outlines Urged

THE Presiding Bishopric has urged upon stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood leaders the desirability of having all quorum members supplied with the new lesson outlines. These outlines are up to date in every respect and are invaluable to members of the Priesthood. They contain in addition lessons for each week; a leadership guide for supervisors; a brief Church chronology for members of the Aaronic Priesthood; instructions in teaching genealogy in Priesthood quorums; suggestions for better story telling; instructions in Priesthood quorum procedure, and other important information. The books have been priced at 10 cents in order that they may be available to all members. They should be ordered through stake clerks from the office of the Presiding Bishopric, according to instructions already issued.

Melchizedek Priesthood lesson books are sold only by the Deseret Book Company, and are not handled through the office of the Presiding Bishopric.

Thumb-Nail Sketches of Church History

THE outstanding anniversary of Church History in the month of March is that of the publication of the "Book of Mormon." This occurred in 1830, not long before the Church was organized. The exact date has not been recorded. After years of diligent effort on the part of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associates in preparation, translation and publication, this important record was given to the world.

It was printed in Palmyra, New York, in a building that still stands on the main street. The Prophet personally supervised the setting of the type and other preparations to make sure that nothing should go wrong in this important work.

When the Book of Mormon was first published, it was ridiculed and attacked, first as having been stolen from another writer, and later as having been written by Joseph Smith and others with no other basis than their own imaginations.

After more than 100 years these claims are no longer heard, but because of remarkable evidence having been developed from many angles, the world today is beginning to realize that the "Book of Mormon" is entitled to a place among the important records of past civilizations.

In the past few years the ruins uncovered in Mexico and Central and South America have brought additional evidence of the truth of this remarkable book.

The "Book of Mormon" has been published in many languages, and is one of the most important phases of our missionary work.

Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors should direct attention to this anniversary during the month of March.

March in Church History

THE following important events in Church History have occurred in the month of March:

March 1, 1801—Wilford Woodruff born at Farmington, Connecticut.

March 8, 1831—John Whitmer made first Church Historian.

March 18, 1832—The original First Presidency of the Church organized: Joseph Smith, President; Sydney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, counselors.

March 27, 1836—Kirtland Temple dedicated.

March 17, 1842—Relief Society organized at Nauvoo: Emma Smith, President; Eliza R. Snow, Secretary.

March 20, 1842—Eighty baptisms for the dead, performed in Mississippi River by Joseph Smith.

March 12, 1849—Brigham Young elected Governor of the State of Deseret.

March 5, 1850—Oliver Cowdery died at Richmond, Missouri.

Graves of the Three Witnesses

David Whitmer Richmond, Mo. — *Oliver Cowdery Richmond, Mo.* — *Martin Harris Clarkston, Utah*

March 6, 1862—Salt Lake Theater dedicated.
In 1849 the Constitutional Convention of the State of Deseret met at Salt Lake City.
In 1852 San Bernardino, California, was founded by L. D. S. Pioneers headed by Charles C. Rich and Amasa M. Lyman.
In 1868 the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, was opened.
During this month in 1869 the Union Pacific was completed to Ogden.

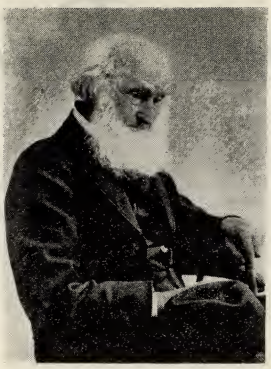
Primary Cooperation

A SPECIAL campaign to bring about effective cooperation between the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors and Primary Leaders in all the wards of the Church is one of the plans of the Presiding Bishopric for increasing Aaronic Priesthood activity in 1933.

Under the plans already announced, the Primary Associations are conducting special courses in their Guide Classes for boys between 11 and 12 years of age designed to prepare them for ordination to the Aaronic Priesthood and for membership in scouting.

Under this plan Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors, assigned to Deacons, are urged to contact all boys, as they become 11 years of age, in their homes and preferably in the presence of their parents. The purpose of the visit is to explain to the boys the purpose of the Aaronic Priesthood, its place in the Church, something of its history and its importance in the life of every Latter-day Saint boy. The boy should be urged to continue in the Primary Association until he has graduated and is ready to be ordained a Deacon.

In the Primary Association the leaders conduct a regular course approved by the Presiding Bishopric. This course includes the history of the



Major John Gilbert
Typesetter of first Book of Mormon

Aaronic Priesthood, its place in the Church today, Church organization, the Word of Wisdom, Articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments, ordinances of the Priesthood and other fundamentals. The records show that the percentage of boys who continue in Primary until they are graduated to the Aaronic Priesthood is not really as large as it should be. In order that every boy should have the benefit of the training provided in the Primary Association, there should be the closest cooperation between Aaronic Priesthood supervisors and Primary officers for the purpose of checking carefully on every boy and visiting him with encouragement to complete the Primary Course.

The responsibility of training young men for ordination to the Priesthood still remains with the Aaronic Priesthood supervisor. He should make every effort to have the boys of his ward active in Primary work. Where boys are not taking a course in Primary, it is the duty of the supervisor to properly prepare these young men for ordination to the Priesthood. As a matter of orderly procedure, graduations from the Primary to the Aaronic Priesthood and to scouting are recommended to be made March 1st, June 1st, September 1st and December 1st of each year. Supervisors and Primary guide leaders should anticipate these graduation dates in order that proper preparation might be made. The graduation exercises should be held in the Sacrament meeting with the supervisor and the Primary officer presenting the boys, who have become 12 in the preceding three months, and who have been properly prepared for ordination to the Priesthood, to the bishop who then presents them to the congregation for approval. The ordination may then be made in the Sacrament meeting or in the quorum meeting where the boys should be presented to their quorums and accepted by them. It is believed that this plan will greatly increase the number of 12 year old boys ordained to the Priesthood and what is more important, impress upon them the sacredness and importance to them of this privilege.

Where part of Book of Mormon was translated

Priesthood Campaign

A CAMPAIGN to increase interest and activity among Aaronic Priesthood members is being conducted by the Aaronic Priesthood Committee of Ensign Stake. The campaign covers two periods: one from November 1st to January 31st, and the other from February 1st to May 15th. During each period points were awarded for various Priesthood activities with prizes being provided for the best activity among the Priests, the Teachers and the Deacons, each group competing separately. In addition, special recognitions were provided for each individual of any quorum who was awarded a total of 1,750 points. The basis for awarding points was as follows:

	Points
Attendance at Quorum meetings	30
Attendance at Sacrament meetings	40
Attendance at Sunday School	20
Attendance at M. I. A.	20
Attendance at Seminary	20
Filling a quorum assignment	10
Bringing lesson book to meeting	5
Bringing in a new member	50
Revive inactive member	50

The contest was based on the number of possible members of each quorum living in the ward. At the conclusion of each period a Stake Aaronic Priesthood social is held where the prizes are awarded, a special program is presented, and light refreshments served. The reports thus far indicate splendid results from the campaign.

Ward and Stake Era Directors

This is Your Opportunity

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is very much interested in the methods used by stake and ward *Era* directors in selling the magazine. Throughout the Church there are some unusually gifted salesmen who have practically closed up the 1932-33 campaign. More than 200 wards have gone over the top, although only five stakes in the Church have made the grade as yet. Several others, however, declare that they will not give up until the task is finished and there are *Eras* up to the quota throughout the stake.

The five stakes that have now exceeded their quotas are, in the order in which they went over the top:

Snowflake, 248, quota; Moapa, 222, quota; Juarez, 89, quota; Union, 137, quota; Hollywood, 484, quota.

One California ward hand printed miniature *Eras* of the sort pictured here; other wards used other methods and devices, all of which are interesting, but we are interested in the manner in which the magazine itself was presented.

Therefore:

We are going to pay five dollars for the best review of this March number of the *Improvement Era* which we receive on or before March 20. The review is not to exceed 800 words in length; it must be written or typed on one side of the paper only, and must be signed by the Stake or Ward Director making the review. We reserve the right to print the winning review and will pay the same price for any other review we print in the *Improvement Era*. The review is to take the form of a sales talk in which the salesman presents *The Improvement Era* in the way he thinks is best.

SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN EVERYWHERE SHOULD PARTICIPATE! *Write the review for the fun of it and the experience—You may also win a five. Do it now!*

SUGGESTIONS

1. Be prompt.
2. Mention all of the features of the magazine that in your estimation have pull.
3. Use any approach you like.
4. Be sincere.
5. Do not stress "duty."
6. You may quote brief testimonials, but they are not required.
7. See that your name and address are on the manuscript.
8. No manuscripts will be returned.

Address all manuscripts to

The Improvement Era Sales Contest

47 East South Temple Street

Salt Lake City, Utah

MUTUAL MESSAGES

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Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

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General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
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The Retold Story

IN view of the fact that there still appears to be some misunderstanding concerning the difference between a retold story and a reading, we emphasize the following excerpts from our Community Activity Manual and our current year's Supplement:

"The retold story is to be given informally and simply in the words of the story-teller who endeavors to express the ideas of the author. Although the use of direct conversation enlivens a speech there should be little pretense made at dramatic action. What memorizing there is consists chiefly in recalling consecutively the points in the plot development. It is true, too, that after one has told a story over and over again, he comes to adopt certain words and phrases and repeat them each time he tells the story. He acquires them as a part of his vocabulary and unconsciously they come to belong to him."

A story memorized verbatim is a reading, not a *retold story*. Also note the following steps in the preparation of a story for retelling:

Read the story through carefully.

Close the book.

Think it through as clearly as possible.

Refer to the text again for clearing up of situations.

Write an outline.

Decide on elimination of unnecessary details.

Decide on quotations to be used.

Do *not* memorize the words of the author except in the case of quotations.

Tell it again and again until it becomes a part of you.

Tell it *to* the audience, not *for* them.

Inasmuch as our contest period is now at hand, all leaders and prospective entrants in story telling will please take note of the above.

South Sevier Stake

SOUTH Sevier Stake is proving to be very active this season, all the wards carrying out the major part of the suggested program and accomplishing gratifying results. All wards are fully organized and held opening socials on time, followed by a program of "Building the M. I. A." in which all wards but one participated and the audience numbered 600. The *Era* campaign has been carried on with fairly good success, all the officers having the magazine in their homes. Most wards are holding Sunday Evening joint sessions and using the *Era* program. The Stake recreational program, consisting of plays and dances (one or two a month) is unusually successful, seven hundred season tickets, at 50c each having been sold. The wards sell the tickets and receive half the proceeds, the other half going to defray the expenses of the entertainments. About 1000 people were present at the Christmas dance, seventy-five dollars being taken in at the door in addition to the season tickets. The Gold and Green Ball was scheduled to follow soon.

The Monroe South Ward presentation of "A Night in '47" was most successful, five hundred and fifty people being there, and about thirty people, as well as thirty-five band-members, taking part. A large part of the crowd dressed in old-fashioned costumes, and an old time dance followed the dramatic sketch.

The Stake Boards are now working on a drama, and every subscriber to the *Era* will be given two free tickets. There is cooperation and activity in the Stake which could not fail to make a success of the M. I. A.

The Aims of M. I. A.

A Sonnet

By BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

TO Richer, Fuller, Deeper live my day,
To know the right and do it, come what may,
To walk by faith and live it as I go,
That through the dusk some heart may feel its glow,
To fill each hour with Truth that, as I climb,
No rankling spite can desecrate my time,
To scorn no toil if it be mine to do,
To give my best and let my works ring true,
To Richer give that zeal shall brim my life
To grapple with the handicaps of strife;
That hands of mine and heart and all my soul
Shall yearn the master heights of self-control;
To Richer, Fuller, Deeper live each day—
This shall encrown the Aims of M. I. A.

Inscribed in tribute to address of Richard R. Lyman, Member of Council of Twelve, delivered at the M. I. A. Meeting of the Maricopa Stake Conference, Sunday Evening, Nov. 20, 1932, at Mesa, Arizona.

Sunday Evening Joint Session for March

GENERAL Subject: "The Master's Earth Experiences as a Resurrected Being."

1. Singing—"O, It Is Wonderful."
2. Prayer—An M Man.
3. Singing—"How Great the Wisdom and the Love." (Though the sacrament will not be administered, this hymn seems especially appropriate, as does the one suggested for the closing number.)
4. Presentation of the Slogan.
5. Address—"The Master's Experiences on the Eastern Hemisphere—15 minutes—An M Man.
6. Soprano Solo—"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from the "Messiah."
7. Address—"The Master's Experiences on the Western Hemisphere."—A Gleaner Girl.
8. Singing—"Behold the Great Redeemer Died."
9. Benediction.

The M Man and the Gleaner Girl who make the address should really put their hearts into the work of preparation. The Master returned to his followers in Jerusalem and lived intimately with them for a time. His words and acts at that time are of great interest to all those who have a burning desire to know something of the life after death. His experiences are unique in history, for no other person, so fas as is known, has lived so openly as a resurrected being upon the earth known of many at the same time. His experiences upon the Western Continent when he appeared to the Nephites and Lamanites are also unique. The Gleaner Girl who makes the speech will find helpful material in Chapter IX, page 102, of the Gleaner, 1932-33 Manual.

Adults

Start Planning Now For Annual Banquet—April Fourth

IN many wards a banquet near the close of the season has already become an established event of the highest social interest in the Adult Department. We recommend it as a most suitable climax of the year's social program.

The Adult Department Activity Committee should set to work at once under the direction of the Department Leaders to make careful plans for this supreme festival. Sub-committees should be appointed so that no detail, essential for the success of the occasion, shall be overlooked. The menu need not be elaborate or expensive. Appropriate decorations, also inexpensive, and a well thought out, cleverly executed program of toasts, music, etc., will make it a fun fest for all. Let the major objective be to foster a warm spirit of sociability that shall unite all in true fellowship. Be sure that all who are eligible are invited to attend. Let no one be forgotten. Especially those who are socially timid should be encouraged to come.

IMPORTANT

We repeat the following request made in the last issue of the *Era* and urge that all who have failed to respond do so *at once*:

"The Adult Committee would like the benefit of direct suggestions and comment from all Stake and Ward Adult Leaders in planning the program for next year. Will you, therefore, in the light of your own observations and experience give us now your reaction to the present program and your recommendations for next year's program? Please address your letter to:

M. I. A. Adult Committee
47 East South Temple Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Kindly help us by answering the following questions:

1. Are you following this year's program as presented?
2. Is there a Community Activity Committee in your M. I. A.?
3. Does this Committee conduct the work during the second period in the Adult Department?
4. Have you an Adult Department Activity Committee in your class?
5. Does the Adult Department Activity Committee conduct the socials and project work on the first Tuesday evening of each month?
6. Which project or projects are you emphasizing?
7. Which appreciation course or courses have been chosen by your group?

In addition to answering the above questions we hope you will tell us what part of the program you have been able to carry on most successfully, and also about any unique social or recreational activity you have conducted. Please do not fail to give your recommendations for next year."

Seniors

Suggestions

1. The season is coming to a close. Class discussions and social evenings should be given special preparation to make them more interesting than ever.

2. Now is the time to organize for summer activity. Plan to meet occasionally. Give your baseball team a chance to show their skill. Plan a hike, a picnic, a swim or a dance for the group as a summer activity.

3. Prepare your program for an evening of hobbies, so that as many members of the class take part as possible. Demonstrate a number of hobbies. Assign in advance willing members of the class to give a demonstration and tell their own hobby, or if they have none, one that they believe they would like to have. How could the possession of a hobby help to keep one in balance if he were out of work?

4. For social evening 6, here are games that use all of the urges:

Acting charades, as: In-gray-tishe-ate; King-do(u)m; In-dep-end-dence; hypnotize-Hip-no-ties. Book Binder-Book-bind-her; Alternate - All-turn-eight.

Pantomine—A little boy who has green apples, an automobile stalled in traffic, a person who forgets his or her speech at an entertainment. Window shopping. A blind man on the street. A traffic policeman, etc.

Twenty questions: choose sides, one side chooses object, thing or place, the other side may ask twenty questions, to guess the object, as, Is it animate, is it located here? Answers are to be yes or no.

An introductory game. Give each person who comes, twenty safety pins, jelly beans, or ordinary beans, to act as money. The object is to get as much money as possible before whistle blows. Method—Ask anyone present any question. The answer must be given in rhyme or pay a penalty.

Virginia Reel.

5. After ward and stake honor days, it may be necessary to have an especially attractive evening planned to get your crowd out again. It might be well to plan your social evening for the program to follow the honor nights.

6. Perhaps even now you find that the attendance has decreased somewhat. The problem of attendance will necessitate constant effort, more so in this department than in any other because of the nature of the Seniors' interests and their many activities. Then, too, they have not been in the habit of regular attendance. It is up to us to help them acquire this habit. We are all so much creatures of habit, we rather depend on them. So it behooves us to help our Senior group to acquire the habits we want them to have. Keep up your work on attendance.

M Men-Gleaners

Social Obligations during Courtship

Subject for the "M" Men-Gleaner Program for April

THE statement in this particular lesson is unusually interesting. Be sure that it is read intelligently and with understanding.

Talk by Gleaner—"The Qualities Girls Admire In Young Men."

"It was the evening star that did it. Such a steadily glowing star shining down out of an amber and blue sky—a glory flooded her being—a glory and a rapture. All at once, as in a dreaming, she saw—under the star everywhere—love in the world, love for everyone lighting every life with an unfailing radiance, lifting everyone up, lifting faces, lifting eyes; bringing joy and great singing." A young girl stood at a window in a far distant country, but looking to the same star—asking—"Star, what will life bring to me?—asking night after night—never done asking."

That first dreaming—how it concerns itself with one's own; with love—true, but one's own love, one's own life, one's own future.

Love is a disease, it is catching. All humanity is at sometime in life susceptible to this delightful though treacherous disease, but if the person from whom we catch it is the right type for our personality, then the experience may be beautiful and lasting. If the young girls of today are wise and intelligent in their selection of friends of the opposite sex, then the choosing of a mate will be a happy thing. Most young women have been dreaming

since their early girlhood of the ideal young man. They have very definite ideas as to what a young man should be to measure up, and unconsciously they are living up to their own better selves in order to be worthy of the attention of the young man who reaches their ideals.

We readily learn physical law—that fire burns, that cold freezes, that ice melts. We vaguely learn a few spiritual ones—that love begets love—that hate begets hate, that we receive in proportion as we give. But there is one basic, primal, all important law of life—and that is the law of human blend, the law upon which harmonious companionship is based, on which courtship and marriage should be founded.

"To make this clear, let us imagine the earth moving through space on its young, unpeopled way. A lovely young breeze blows up and goes sailing gaily across green fields till it runs up against another breeze going in the same general direction. They blend into each other and race on to the meadows, kissing the flowers, topping the long stems till they sway happily, bending the shrubs, playing in the treetops, and out across the blue sea, rippling its surface and leaving in their wake lively little whitecaps dancing in the mist. Now that's a correct mating. But just suppose that venturesome little breeze should run squarely up against another breeze going in the opposite direction, and instead of passing each other by after a bit of a skirmish, they stop and mingle. Instantly we have a whirlwind—dust is raised—daisy heads snapped off—and they are up in the air about nothing, carrying everything they touch to destruction. Now that's an incorrect mating.

"Every human being is as much set on an individual course as was the little breeze, and each is intended to go right along following out his natural bent—I refer to normal people, not defectives—till he runs up against another going in his general direction, with whom he naturally falls into step. When this happens—according to the primal law of nature—we have a correct mating; and this is 'love.' The trouble is, we use the word without comprehending its definition."—*From Singing in the Rain.*

The reason it is necessary for you to respect and love a man enough to marry him is not in the least a matter of sentimentality, but of law. Blending does not come by decision of will. Oil and water are both good elements, but they can never, while the stars shine down, mix. Though bottled up together forever, the water will forever remain water, and the oil will forever remain oil.

All girls can make valuable contributions to the list of fine qualities of character and personality that a young man may possess to attract and thrill the opposite sex. But it is advisable to look prayerfully about for the young men who have lasting and genuine qualifications. Who knows when he may be stripped of his physical charm—singing voice—good position and what will then be left? Will the fine personality and spiritual strength still remain to keep warm those first fires of youth and hold the respect of his mate throughout all the eternities? The courting and mating time is one of life's happiest and greatest adventures. Through prayer and intelligent choosing of one's friends, life may be filled with the realization of the loveliest dreams and promises.

"The characteristics in girls which attract young men" is the subject of the talk to be delivered by an M Man at the joint April M Men-Gleaner meeting. It is a subject of broad scope, because young women possess innumerable appealing characteristics, some of which attract some young men and others which attract others. A few general characteristics, however, can be given which attract young men generally, viz: a charming personality, a fine character, high ideals, neatness, and such qualities.

Marden has said "to be able to throw the search-light of a superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and pleasure behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer wherever we move," therein lies the power of attractiveness. You will notice that a popular young woman is good-natured and cheerful; she has a kind word, or a smile, or an encouraging look for all who need sympathy and encouragement, and therein lies her ability to awaken the happiest possible emotions in others and call out the best and highest that is in them.

Self-respect is one of the outstanding characteristics a young man seeks in a young woman. The greater her self-respect, the greater is her magnetism. A girl who does not respect herself, cannot expect others to do so.

A girl who is disagreeable, jealous, envious, or narrow-minded, cannot expect to be attractive. People who possess those qualities are generally avoided.

To be able to say pleasant things of others; to look for the good in others rather than for their faults; to manifest a forgiving and forbearing spirit; and to possess an open-hearted, transparent and genuine personality, are the things which young men seek in young women. Possessing these qualities, it then matters not so much how much a girl may be handicapped. She may not be charming in appearance; her body may even be deformed; yet, it is possible, because of her personality and her possession of a character of love and appreciation, that all doors will fly open to her and she will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. The coldest hearts will be warmed, and the stubbornest natures subdued by the charm of her beautiful soul. In the presence of such young women, young men are introduced, as it were, to their larger and better selves. Impulses are stirred which were never stirred before and life takes on a higher and nobler meaning.

What a great American said of our wives and mothers might also be said of young women and their influence on the lives of young men: "From the hearthstones around which linger the recollections of our mothers, from the fire-sides where our wives await us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life."

Send For Play Booklet

We hope you have already obtained the playlet from the General Board Office which is to be used for the April program demonstration. If not, send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Lethbridge M Men-Gleaner Banquet

The Annual M Men-Gleaner Banquet and Ball of the Lethbridge Stake M. I. A., was held at Lethbridge, the hall being tasefully decorated in blue and white. The Lethbridge Ward Relief Society ladies catered for the banquet.

Members from every M. I. A. organization in the Stake were present which in the case of the Calgary ward entailed a trip of approximately three hundred and twenty miles. The affair was a decided success, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred persons being present. During the banquet and immediately following a splendid program was enjoyed, which included a stunt from each organization. Toasts were proposed to the M Men and Gleaners. Pres. A. E. Palmer of the Lethbridge Stake proposed a toast to the M. I. A. commenting on the good work in this Stake.

Following the Banquet dancing was engaged in, during which several novelty dances were introduced, including a demonstration of the Gold and Green fox-trot. At the conclusion those present voted it as one of the best entertainments ever sponsored by the Stake M. I. A. Boards.

Curlew Stake M Men and Gleaners Banquet

THE Curlew Stake M Men and Gleaner Banquet, under the direc-

tion of the two Stake leaders, was given around Christmas time, the hall being decorated with holiday colors, and red and green candles, with red carnations and green fern, used for the tables. A seven course meal was served to one hundred twenty-five guests, the Stake Presidency and their partners, and Stake executive officers with their partners being special guests. During the dinner, a program was presented, consisting of toasts to all the wards, the Stake and the invited guests, responses, musical numbers and readings. Following the banquet the Gold and Green contest dance was given in demonstration, followed by a delightful dance the music for which was furnished by an M Men-Gleaner orchestra. The entire affair was extremely lovely.

M Men

M Men Basket Ball Rules

IN order to clarify the M Men Basket Ball rules, as outlined in the M Men manual, we should like to bring to the attention of all members that the rules have been developed over a period of years from our experience. However, any set of rules must, at some time, be modified to take care of changing conditions. Any M Man who feels that a change should be made, should see to it that he, or some authorized representative from his ward, attends the annual M Men Convention which is held at Salt Lake City during June Conference. At this time if changes are thought necessary, this group at the convention will make such changes as the majority think are necessary.

The one rule which has caused considerable discussion is the letter-man rule. One idea has been promoted in some sections that it should be so changed that a High School letter-man would be eligible to play one year following his graduation from High School. Others have thought to set aside the High School letter-man rule entirely but to leave the Junior College and College letter-man rule as it is. Any who feel that changes should be made should come prepared to vote for any changes which are brought up for discussion at the Convention, as this is the only time when changes can be made.

Inter-Division Tournament

THE M Men committee have decided to hold the M Men tournament at Ogden the second week in March. As in the past this tournament will be held at the Weber Gymnasium under the auspices of the General Board, the details being taken care of by the local committee of Stake representatives at Ogden.

It is expected that teams will come from Salt Lake, Ogden, Provo, Logan, Pocatello, Cedar City, Richfield, California, Arizona, Burley, Price, Montpelier, and Nevada. And it is possible that Canada may be also represented. It is hoped that a sixteen-team tournament may be conducted this year.

The details, just how the teams will line up for the first night's play, have not been determined, but it is expected that there will be the same fine interest this year that there has always been. All who are interested in this fine activity are invited to come to Ogden and enjoy this tournament.

Jerome Platt

Lethbridge M Men

LETHBRIDGE stake M. I. A. workers are rejoicing over the signal victory of two young M Men in the Thanksgiving Day long distance run sponsored by the *Lethbridge Daily Herald* and the Lethbridge Y. M. C. A. This is one of the distance classics in Western Canada track circles and the fact that first place in both senior and junior events went to "Mormon" boys is the source of genuine pride and satisfaction.

The runners who carried the M. I. A. colors are Jerome Platt of Brant and Harold Murray of Diamond City. Platt did the three miles in 16 minutes, 25 2/5 seconds. Murray, entered in the junior event, covered the one and a half-mile course in 8 minutes, 16 3/5 seconds. Platt, who upset the "dope" in a radical way, "covered the ground without apparent effort" one of the sports writers said. But this did not surprise M. I. A. officers and the athlete's friends, for he has always been a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom. Moreover, he sticks to training through the year. He never allows himself to get stale. The same can be said of Murray. He is a superb young runner and a representative "M" Man. With careful training this boy should go far in future Canadian Olympic trails, likewise Platt. Murray won the same event a year ago and is accumulating an imposing array of jewelry.

Another important recognition came to two Latter-day Saint Boy Scout leaders recently. District Commissioner Dr. C. M. Fletcher of Lethbridge, and Scoutmaster Charles Matkin of Magrath, were decorated by the Chief Scout of Canada, His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough, Governor-General of the dominion. This interesting ceremony took place in Calgary.

Wind, My Brother

By Anne Zuker

WIND, my brother,
Wind,
Brush and sweep
From my mind
Cobwebbed envy,
Malice unkind;
Of all thoughts mean
Brush me clean!

Rain, my sister,
Rain,
Wash and cleanse
From every cranny
Of my brain,
Lies and lust,
Hidden leaning
Toward broken trust;
Of all thoughts mean
Wash me clean!

Harold Murray

Gleaner Girls

Gleaner Course of Study

FOR the month of March, our manual discussions will be Chapter XII, the Scattering of Israel and Chapter XIII, Israel to be Restored. See Gleaner Manual, pp. 115-125 inclusive.)

Treasures of Truth

ON the Project evening, Tuesday, March 28, "Keepsakes and Customs" will be the division to be considered. (See Gleaner Manual, p. 51-52.)

We give below some "treasures" from the books of Gleaner Girls. Alice Liljenquist tells of an unusual "custom" of the early days, as described to her by her grandfather, George C. Allen:

SPINNING AND WEAVING

"My Great-grandmother Keziah Benson Allen was a spinner and weaver by trade and was skilled in her crafts. When the Allen family first arrived in Utah, she did not know how to obtain clothing for her husband and children, because they had no sheep to produce wool. Eventually some of the neighbors went into the nearby St. George country in 1852 and planted cotton. The cotton which they grew was carded into bats by Great-grandmother, who then spun it into thread. Now she had the warp but not any filling or woof. So the men folks shot and trapped wolves. These they skinned, placed wood ashes on the fleshy part of the hides and rolled them up for two days. This process loosened the fur so that it could easily be removed from the skin. This fur Great-grandmother carded and spun to use for the filling or woof. Her father, Alva Benson, made a loom on which she could weave. The family had brought reeds with them from the States with which to weave cloth. This material thus woven by Great-grandmother Allen was the only kind used for my Grandfather George Clark Allen's clothes until he was five years of age. Then they succeeded in getting some sheep of their own and were able to wear better clothes.

Verified by George C. Allen."

Lettie Burbank gives us an interesting account of her "keepsakes."

"CHOICE KEEPSAKES"

"My Grandfather Frederick G. Williams was a Counselor to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the early days of the Church. They were together a great deal. The Prophet Joseph Smith was at Grandfather's house many times and they studied the principles of the Gospel together. I have in my possession the old Bible from which they studied. It is old and worn, showing that it was used very much.

"I also have one of the first editions of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

Gleaner Girls' Fashion Show, Levan Ward

This was compiled by Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery and edited by Frederick G. Williams.

"I also possess a two dollar bill or scrip, as it was then called, which was issued when Sidney Rigdon was President of the Kirtland Safety Society Bank, and Joseph Smith was Cashier. This bill has both their names or signatures on it.

"At one time while the Prophet Joseph Smith was at my grandfather's house the mob came there for him. Of course, he did not want to be taken and he scarcely knew just how to escape. I believe he was inspired by God, for he borrowed grandmother's long cloak or cape and hood, put them on and walked out of the house and away. The mob did not recognize the Prophet in the cloak. I now have one of the clasps from the cloak.

"All of these "keepsakes" I prize very highly and they are an inspiration to me.

Verified by Mrs. Mary E. Gardner."

Ina Meldrum tells of one of her "keepsakes."

"Among the many keepsakes found in an old chest of my grandmother's which was handed down to my mother when grandmother died, was found an invitation to a special Leap Year Party which reads as follows:

GRAND LEAP YEAR PARTY

Miss Ann Cable and partner are respectfully invited to attend a party at the Union Hall, February 9, 1864. Dancing to commence at 6 o'clock p. m.

Tickets $1.00 to be paid at the door.

Lucy Smith,
Hannah M. Smith,
Martha Nuttall,
Managers.

Attested by Mary A. Meldrum."

Junior Girls

WHAT should I have in mind for my Junior Class this month? This is the question which should be in the heart and mind of each Junior class leader.

What is your program? The General Committee can outline and print but we cannot make it yours. You have to do that for yourself by study and preparation for its presentation to your girls. If you have the work for the coming month well in mind you can usually find much that will help you as you go about your daily routine. It may be a poem culled from a paper or magazine, or a happy and appropriate story, or you may almost subconsciously be planning your method of presenting the work for the class period. It is never well to simply read in class the material from the Manual whether it be the lesson discussion or the project. We appeal to you leaders to make your class gatherings alive and interesting. "The best discovery, the discoveror makes for himself." But in order to make discoveries one must have information. Emerson says—"The search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation in manhood."

Our project work for March is "My Privileges Under the Covenant" and "Baptism for Departed Kindred and Friends." It would be a beautiful thing if every Junior girl had the experience of being baptized for the dead. The Temples all have regular days for this work, and if trips are planned be sure all arrangements are properly made. Your Ward Genealogical Committee will gladly help you. The subject will make a very profitable class discussion, as the girls should understand the importance of the work

Grant Stake Junior Girls' Festival, 1932

before writing this chapter in their books.

In April our Project calls for a review of the work and display of girls' books "My Story." Start early to plan for this evening. Each girl may be assigned to give the incident in her project work that has been the most interesting to her. Our Project provides an opportunity for exploring and discovering ourselves, our homes, our heritage.

Mary Hellewell—The Story of My Life

IN the early autumn of the year 1915, while most of the people were in their beds, I first came into this beautiful world, at No. 7 Byron Street, Hanson Lane, in the lovely city of Halifax, Yorkshire, Old England.

My mother being a Mormon, I was blessed by Elder Clyde F. Hansen, after whose sister I was named. For the first few years of my life I enjoyed myself about the same as most children do, passing happily through the mumps, measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, and all the aches and pains to which children are subject. At the tender age of three, during the terrible flu epidemic, my father died, leaving my mother with my brother Frank and myself. Six months later my brother Joseph was born; later or upon my 4th birthday, I started attending school, which was the happiest period of my life. At the age of eight I became a member of the Church, being baptized by Rudger C. Atkins, at the School Baths, in Bradford.

The happiest day of the week was always on Sunday when we all went to Sunday School, and Sacrament meetings, after which the Elders would most always go home with us for supper. At school I always took lessons in swimming and on September 13, 1928, I won an elementary certificate for swimming.

On October 5, 1929, I completed my 10 years of schooling, as it is customary in England to leave school at the age of 14, unless you wish to go to High School.

After leaving school we made up our mind to take a trip that we had looked forward to take throughout our lives, so we sold up our home, and on October 26, 1929, we bid goodbye to dear old England and to all my childhood friends, and set sail on the S. S. Cedric for the United States of America. We left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 26th of October and on the next day I became very seasick and was so sick I thought I would die for the next five days, but the remaining four days I felt fine, and enjoyed the rest of the trip very much. On November 3, early in the afternoon we landed in Boston, Mass., where my Uncle, Joseph W. Lister, and my cousin Harold met us and took us to ther home at 12 Bond Street, a 36 room place. We stayed there the next two days and saw many great places in and around Boston.

On November 5, 1929, we boarded the train for Salt Lake City and after passing through valleys, mountains and deserts, we landed here on the 8th of November, and it has been quite hard for me to become acquainted with all the different customs of the country. (Excerpt from "My Story" of a Junior Girl.)

Bee-Hive Girls

Calendar

Nymphs:
- April 4—Guide XXVI—First Aid.
- April 11—Guide XXVII—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.
- April 18—Guide XXVIII—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.
- April 25—Guide XXIX—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.
- May 2—Guide XXX—The Spirit of the Hive and the Spirit of Religion.
- May 9—Guide XXXI—The Spirit of Religion.
- May 16—Guide XXXII—Church Organization.

Builders:
- April 4—Guide XXIII—Understand Beauty.
- April 11—Guide XXIV—Beauty in the Home.
- April 18—Guide XXV—Planned by Bee-Keeper and Girls.
- April 25—Guide XXVI—Beauty of Person.
- May 2—Guide XXVII—Scrap Books.
- May 9—Guide XXVIII—Open for your Planning.

Gatherers:
- April 4—Guide XXIII—Nature's Phenomena.
- April 11—Guide XXIV—Open.
- April 18—Guide XXV—Reading.
- April 25—Guide XXVI—Feel Joy.
- May 2—Guide XXVII—The Bee-Keeper's Service.
- May 9—Guide XXVIII—A Social, a picnic or an excursion with Out-of-Door games if possible.

BEE-KEEPERS, are you preparing your girls for completion of their Bee-Hive work and contest? Careful check should be made on Builders in the Hive to see that they have filled the requirements for completion of their rank, namely; 27 Structural Cells, at least two being from each field, and the nine Foundation Cells. Tests should be given to both ranks on the Foundation Cells. The Stake Bee-Keepers should prepare test questions and send out to the Ward Bee-Keepers so that the girls may be reviewed before the tests are given. Where possible the Stake Bee-Keepers should arrange a date when they or other examiners appointed by them will give the tests to the Bee-Hive girls, in the various wards, previous to Swarm Day.

It is important, therefore, that the Ward Bee-Keepers should be thorough in their checking of the Structural Cells and assist the girls in thoroughly gaining the knowledge necessary for passing the tests on the Foundation Cells. In remote and scattered wards and stakes where it isn't possible for Stake Bee-Keepers to visit each ward and give tests, we suggest that the Ward Bee-Keepers prepare questions and solicit the assistance of their executive officers and other capable people in giving the tests. A meeting of the people who are to give the tests should be held previous to the time for conducting the tests so that all may have a universal understanding as to the manner of giving the examination and the way in which the questions should be answered and the rating to be given. We suggest that the passing grade be not less than 75. Girls who fall down on some questions we feel should be allowed to take another test.

The following suggestions are given on test question for Builders in the Hive:

1. Repeat from memory the Spirit of the Hive.
2. Name four essential things to be observed in bathing a baby. (See page 39, Bee-Keeper's Book.)
3. Make a triangular bandage; demonstrate four ways of using it. Know what to do for fainting, a cut, burn, bruise, sprain. (See Bee-Keeper's Book, pages 39 to 44.)
4. The girls should join in singing from memory the National Anthem. (See page 45, Bee-Keeper's Book.)
5. What is the Word of Wisdom; to whom was it given; where may it be found?
6. Repeat from memory the Builder's Purpose.

In addition, each girl should be able to give her Bee-Hive name and symbol, together with its meaning; bring samples of darning, mending, etc., for inspection; bring her Bee-Hive Hand Book so that the examiner may check the number of cells she has filled in each field.

My Cottage

By Camille C. Nuffer

MY cottage has a way
Of completely charming me
Nestled by the roadside
In quaint simplicity.

Pansy faces lure me
From the painted window box,
In the background I can see
The pink of hollyhocks.

Beloved faces greet me
Where the climbing roses send
A fragrance through my cottage
As my daily labors end.

My cottage has a charm for me
Distinctly all its own
The sweetest charm of all
The charm of home sweet home.

TESTS FOR GATHERERS

1. The girls should know and join in singing the Honey Gatherers Song, without books.

2. Write a paragraph of not less than fifty words on the Cycle of Life according to the Gospel Plan. (See Bee-Keeper's Book, page 46.)

3. Bring for inspection of the examiner the article you have made or decorated in making practical use of your symbol. (Painting or drawing symbol neatly on or in her scrap book, embroidery work or other use she may have made of her symbol.)

4. Tell what you prepared, how you laid the table and how you served your meal in filling Foundation Cell No. 4. (For laying a table see page 47, Bee-Keeper's Book.)

5. What is the proper food for a baby six months old; a year old, also proper rest. (See Bee-Keeper's Book, page 49 and 50.)

6. Tell how to sterilize gauze and give at least ten essentials a home emergency cabinet should contain. (See Bee-Keeper's Book, page 50.)

7. Name the customary forms of respect due the Flag; repeat the pledge of allegiance to the flag using the Bee-Hive salute. (See Bee-Keeper's Book, page 51.)

8. Name five attributes of the bees you think could be well applied in your own life. Have you read the Review of the Life of the Bee prepared by the General Board?

9. Each girl should bring for inspection of the examiner her paper on the Word of Wisdom. If she fails to do so the paper should be submitted before she is awarded her graduation certificate.

Each girl should also bring her Bee-Hive Hand Book so that the examiner may check the number of cells filled in each field. For the Gatherers a girl's Hand Book should show a total of 57 Structural Cells, filled at least four from each field. Each girl must also be able to repeat from memory the Bee-Keeper's Service.

We would remind you that the contest feature for Builders and Gatherers this year is a 300 word essay on Bee-Hive Symbolism. It is hoped that every Bee-Hive girl will enter this contest. Each ward should hold a contest and declare a winner and then it is suggested that the representatives from all of the wards contest for winning place at the Swarm Day or Stake Honor Day, as desired. If this contest is conducted at the Stake Honor Day, the winning essay should be presented at the Swarm Day Exercises. This contest goes no farther than the Stake.

The contest feature for the Nymphs is a five minute talk on "What I have learned in the Nymphs' class." The girls should have been making notes on their lessons all winter so that they will be able to prepare their talk.

We are giving herewith an outline on Symbolism that may be helpful in reviewing the Life of the Bee—with your girls.

Symbolism

I. Define Symbolism.
   1. Something representing an ideal, a principle, a ceremony.
   2. History of symbolism (from beginning).
      a. Religion — sacrifices of Adam, etc.
         1. Baptism.
         2. Sacrament.
         3. Priesthood of authority.
      b. Nations—
         1. Coat of Arms.
         2. Flags—American Flag as example: Blue for justice; White, purity; Red for the blood the men of the Nation are willing to spill for their country—love of country.
         3. Statue of Liberty—freedom.
         4. Money—eagle for strength—Indian head—true Americanism "In God We Trust."

II. Symbolism—as it applies to the Bee-Hive Plan.
   1. Chosen because it carried all of the ideals and beauty of life we wished our girls to follow.
      a. Bee-Hive — Utah State symbol meaning industry.
      b. Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" holds a greater meaning.
   2. Story of "Life of the Bee."
      a. As it applies to Bee-Hive plan.
         1. Organization—swarms.
         2. Bee-Keepers (in domesticated hives).
   3. Rank—Builders (Bees first build the hive). Gatherers (Bees next gather honey.)
   4. Cells—(Foundation, Structural.)
      a. Four types of cells in the hive—two main classifications.
   5. Colors — (Brown, gold, blue).
   6. Fields—etc.

III. Symbolism—as it applies to the Girls.
   1. Systematic and orderly. (Each bee has its work to do.)
   2. There are: Wax workers, sculptors, street cleaners, nurses for the baby bees, maids who wait upon the queen, guards, worker bees, etc. All guided by the Spirit of the Hive without being told what to do.
   3. Unity and Harmony—no quarreling or fighting except when drones are killed; this dictated by the Spirit of the Hive.
   4. Dependability—a bee never shirks her work—at her post early and late.
   5. Cleanliness — scrupulously clean.
   6. Reverence and respect for mother in the hive. (Honor Womanhood).
      a. Groom her, bring her food, wait upon her in every way, take care of baby bees, etc.
      b. Show her great reverence. Never turn back upon her. Protect her from harm if strangers enter the hive. Seem to realize she is the mother of the race and deserves every consideration. Thus the greatest symbol is shown for womanhood.
   7. Intelligent—cells made in a perfect hexagon. If mistakes are made in fitting cells together bees fill it with wax. Cover any unnecessary object with wax to make it clean and fit their plans.
   8. Economy—Use every bit of space. Cells built slightly tipped backward so honey will not spill.
   9. Enthusiastic—in their work. Work hard, early and late.
   10. Cheerful and happy—

Maeterlinck says: "The bees overcome discouragement and gloom. They sing always at their work, they transform dark, dreary hive into a live glowing, cozy little city or home."

11. Thorough in their work. Gather pollen from only one kind of flower in a day, that is, one bee does this. Flowers would lose identity if they flitted from one kind of flower to another.
12. Nuptial Flight. High ideals in choosing a mate. Chooses warm sunny day to take flight. Followed by millions of drones—only strongest of them all can reach her heights.
13. Spirit of the Hive. Probably most beautiful of all the symbolism is that the bees are guided by the Spirit of the Hive. Every girl possesses that still small voice to guide her. She should endeavor each day also, to be guided by her Bee-Hive "Spirit of the Hive"—Have Faith, Seek Knowledge, etc. (There are many other ways in which symbolism of Bee carries over into the life of the girl.)

IV. Symbolism—Swarm and Individual Symbols.
1. Swarm Symbol.
   a. Ideal Swarm wishes to attain.
   b. Talk it over carefully with the girls.
2. Example of Swarm Symbol: The Mayflower—a ship (courage, bravery, loyalty). What does this mean in lives of the girls? Courage to live clean and do right. Bravery to overcome temptations and face trials and hardships, sorrow, etc. Loyalty to each other—not say unpleasant things about friends, each other—be loyal to Church leaders, family, etc.
3. Choosing Individual Symbol.
   a. Discuss with group their individual symbols.
      1. What ideal does the girl wish to attain.
      2. Has she a favorite flower, bird, etc., which might be chosen to represent that ideal.
      3. Would the ideal she has chosen stimulate the characteristic she needs most according to your observation? If not, could you carefully and tactfully direct her in choosing the thing she needs most?

Boy Scouts

A Scout's Dream

By ALEX McFARLAND

(One of Heman Scout Troop's "Old Timers" at the Jamboree)

DEDICATED to the Boy Scouts of the M. I. A. and recited at the campfire on the occasion of the Western Trails Scout Jamboree, August 25, 1932, at Idaho Falls in commemoration of the Taylor Bridge, the first one across the Snake River.

I WANDERED away on the wings of a dream
To the banks of a beautiful river.
I stood on the bridge that crosses the stream
To the land they call ever and ever.
There I met an old man with a cane in his hand
He was feeble and bent and gray,
Said I, "My good friend take hold of my hand
And I'll help you along on your way."

"No, thank you," said he, "but listen to me,
I'm old and I've not far to go.
But you're young and strong, and the way is quite long,
And you see the sun is quite low.
So hasten I pray and make no delay,
It's a long way over the river.
And the road is quite rough and slippery enough,
To the land they call ever and ever.

I was once young like you and I thought that I knew
All the dangers of the crossing the river.
I passed by the guide and slipped to one side,
And lost my balance forever.
Straight is the gate and narrow the way,
You must walk with a firm heavy tread.
You may stumble that's true, but supposing you do,
Be sure and stumble ahead.
Let the vigor of youth and the glory of truth
Light up the straight narrow way.
Keep your heart free from guile meet the world with a smile
And live in the light of the day."

The old man's advice came to me without price,
So its value may never be known.
I bade him good day, and off on my way.
And left the old man there alone.
But how oft we oppose the kind warnings from those
Who have slipped from the straight narrow way.
Who would guide us aright, through the dark stormy night
To the dawn of a beautiful day.

J. R., Waldo G., and Robert G. Hodson, all Eagle Scouts

Father and Sons

THE photograph accompanying is of J. R. Hodson and his two sons, Robert and Waldo. Robert was awarded an Eagle badge when he was thirteen and a half years old; Waldo is Scoutmaster of Troop 42, an Eagle Scout himself, and he has earned 36 merit badges and two palms. The father was Scoutmaster for two years, and has earned 29 merit badges. Robert has 23. The three presented themselves together at the Court of Honor for their awards. The district is very proud of this achievement. Robert is the youngest Eagle in the district.

Night Ride

By Grace Zenor Pratt

MOONLIGHT and dust and weariness complete;
The road unwinds, the gleaming headlights show,
The grotesque cactus, yucca, and grey sage,
Like phantoms of the night, that come and go.

The wee, wild, desert things, startle from quiet nook,
And cross our path with nimble scurrying feet.
The white owl blinks—the timid desert hare * * *
Its bright eyes fearful * * * seeks a safe retreat.

Desert, and moonlight * * * yuccas, sage and palm * * *
White dust * * * a gust of cooling wind and rain * * *
The little living things, the beasts and birds and flowers,
Lift up their heads and crave to live again.

The road unwinds, but ah! the wind is sweet * * *
The wind from rain swept peaks and desert sand * * *
And far ahead the gleaming lights of home
Is but an answer to our heart's demand.

Silver Linings

Continued from page 297

a hobby such as this. Any kind of creative work is a sure means of happiness during this time of stress and upheaval. The creative spirit exists in every one. Find the outlet for yours. If, for instance, you cherish a fondness for antique furniture, it makes an enchanting study, its collection is endlessly interesting, a few well chosen pieces are charming in the home, and how splendid to design and carve a new, but ancient looking, chest or cabinet. Here is room for a superlative degree of art, and something fine comes into your life when you have made a lovely thing. Any work done with the hands defies mass production, for each article bears the stamp of genuineness. Crafts of all kinds are now coming into their own; needlework, knitting and crocheting, wood carving, block printing, etching, book binding, book making, making models of boats, coaches and airplanes, all offer relaxation and great enjoyment.

In the category of hobbies, collections of all sorts of natural history exhibits, such as minerals, fossils, insects, and humming birds' nests, have a tremendous appeal. And can you imagine anything more captivating than assembling specimens of the different stages which various species of butterflies go through in their metamorphosis, from the emergence from the egg, through the caterpillar phase, the cocoon, and the butterfly? Indian art collections vivify a study of Indian lore and early American history, the latter leading to the dawn of civilization, makes an intensely interesting study. The dictionary is sometimes the hobby of people who love words; some people make a hobby of sports, and many go in for amateur photography. Pets, such as cats, dogs, salamanders, or curious fish which are adapted to aquariums, fill a precious place in some lives. They may be hobbies —they may not.

What is the difference between making a hobby of something and just liking it? A hobby is one of your keenest joys, a dominant influence in your life, an intimate specialty—while liking stops several degrees short of that—that's the difference.

Report of Accomplishments for Dec. 1932

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake	No. Wards Reporting		No. of Wards in which Depts. are functioning in increasing membership		No. Wards whose avg. attendance is 2/3 or more of their enrollment		No. Wards having completed class discussions and activities to date		No. Wards having secured Era quota	No. Wards having completed during the past 3 months courses as outlined in the Activity Manual in:					No. Wards conducting a Senior Dept.	No. Wards having held Sun. Eve. Joint Session	No. Wards having used Era Program.	No. Wards having conducted a Christmas Ball
		YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL		Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling				
Alberta	12	....	8	....	6	....	3	....	5	4	1	1	1	1	1	6	8	....	8
Alpine	6	6	6	4	4	1	3	6	5	....	6	3	6	6	5	4	6	4	6
Bannock	9	....	6	....	5	....	5	....	4	....	2	2	....	1	....	2	4	4	4
Bear Lake	12	8	12	7	10	4	8	5	10	1	6	5	4	3	2	5	11	11	7
Bear River	12	11	....	5	....	1	....	8	....	1	7	5	5	2	3	4	11	9	7
Benson	14	....	13	....	7	....	6	....	10	4	11	6	6	5	4	10	10	7	8
Blaine	8	....	1	....	1	....	1	....	1	....	1	1	1	....	....	....	....	....	....
Boise	10	....	10	....	....	....	3	....	5	5	4	3	3	3	3	4	9	9	4
Boxelder	13	12	13	10	10	9	9	9	12	4	11	6	11	....	4	6	13	11	11
Burley	9	....	8	....	4	....	4	....	3	1	3	1	4	2	....	7	7	6	5
Cache	8	....	8	....	6	....	5	....	6	2	3	7	6	2	3	3	7	3	5
Carbon	14	....	7	....	2	....	3	....	4	3	3	1	4	3	2	3	5	4	4
Cassia	5	5	5	3	3	4	5	2	2	2	....	....	2	....	....	1	4	3	....
Cottonwood	10	8	9	6	9	2	4	5	9	....	1	1	2	1	....	6	9	2	....
Curlew	7	6	6	1	2	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	1	1	1	....	6	6	2
Deseret	12	....	8	....	4	....	....	....	5	2	4	5	5	6	....	6	6	5	7
East Jordan	11	....	9	....	6	....	7	....	8	....	7	5	6	1	2	4	9	6	7
Emery	10	....	7	....	4	....	4	....	5	....	3	3	4	1	1	2	5	5	1
Ensign	8	....	8	....	6	....	3	....	8	2	4	4	7	5	5	7	4	8	....
Franklin	11	11	9	10	7	6	2	9	9	9	6	6	4	4	4	7	11	11	4
Fremont	14	....	14	....	9	....	6	....	10	2	8	4	2	2	3	8	14	....	14
Garfield	8	7	7	6	6	3	4	5	5	2	1	....	....	2	....	....	7	5	7
Granite	10	....	10	....	8	....	5	....	9	....	9	3	9	4	2	9	10	2	3
Grant	14	....	14	....	11	....	8	....	13	....	6	8	11	7	7	9	14	8	7
Gunnison	7	....	5	....	3	....	....	....	5	1	4	4	1	2	....	3	5	5	3
Hollywood	15	8	13	5	11	3	6	7	10	9	6	6	5	6	2	7	13	8	9
Idaho Falls	14	13	11	7	5	4	4	10	8	3	6	4	5	....	1	9	10	9	7
Juarez	5	....	3	....	3	....	3	....	3	3	3	....	3	....	....	1	....	....	....
Kanab	7	....	5	....	2	....	2	....	3	3	3	2	4	....	1	1	5	5	2
Kolob	6	2	6	2	4	2	1	2	4	1	4	3	2	1	4	4	6	5	2
Lethbridge	8	8	6	6	4	2	3	3	2	4	4	2	1	2	1	2	4	4	2
Lehi	7	5	6	7	6	3	5	5	6	....	6	6	6	5	5	5	6	4	5
Liberty	12	....	11	....	8	....	8	....	11	2	7	6	8	4	5	8	11	5	4
Logan	11	11	8	11	6	8	5	9	7	3	2	4	5	1	4	5	5	4	4
Los Angeles	12	....	11	....	6	....	4	....	8	3	7	3	8	5	4	9	11	6	6
Lost River	6	....	2	....	1	....	....	....	1	....	1	1	1	1	....	1	1	1	2
Lyman	7	2	4	1	1	....	2	....	2	1	1	2	1	....	....	3	4	4	2
Malad	7	....	6	....	3	....	2	....	6	....	1	1	3	3	....	4	5	4	3
Maricopa	10	9	....	7	....	6	....	8	....	6	4	5	6	6	2	5	9	9	6
Millard	7	....	7	....	4	....	4	....	7	....	5	3	5	3	5	4	7	7	4
Minidoka	7	4	4	2	2	1	2	1	3	2	1	1	2	....	....	....	3	3	1
Moapa	9	....	5	....	2	....	2	....	2	2	2	2	3	....	1	4	3	2	3
Montpelier	14	6	8	3	4	3	2	6	6	3	4	1	4	....	....	5	7	5	6
Morgan	8	....	5	....	1	....	2	....	3	2	2	4	3	1	....	2	4	2	....
Moroni	5	....	4	....	4	....	2	....	4	....	2	3	1	2	....	2	4	4	2
Mt. Ogden	8	6	7	4	6	3	7	6	7	....	7	6	7	7	....	5	7	7	3
Nevada	7	....	6	....	3	....	6	....	5	1	1	2	1	1	....	....	6	5	2
North Davis	7	6	....	5	....	....	....	5	....	2	5	1	4	1	1	3	4	3	3
North Sanpete	5	....	5	....	4	....	1	....	5	....	....	5	4	....	4	1	4	....	5
North Sevier	4	....	4	....	3	....	1	....	3	1	4	3	2	....	3	1	4	3	4
North Weber	14	....	12	....	5	....	7	....	11	3	7	....	4	3	3	5	11	9	7
Ogden	12	....	12	....	7	....	6	....	10	2	6	3	6	....	1	3	12	6	10
Oneida	11	8	7	6	5	4	3	3	7	3	5	2	2	2	3	6	7	4	3
Oquirrh	6	5	6	3	5	1	3	4	6	....	5	....	4	6	4	6	5	5	2
Palmyra	9	5	9	4	3	1	4	4	5	2	6	2	5	5	2	8	5	5	3
Panguitch	6	....	5	....	4	....	1	....	5	....	4	....	3	1	2	2	5	4	5
Parowan	11	5	7	8	2	8	1	5	5	....	3	2	2	....	1	4	5	2	4
Pioneer	11	10	9	8	6	1	5	6	8	....	6	5	5	4	....	7	9	6	6
Pocatello	10	8	8	8	2	3	3	8	6	2	4	3	4	4	6	8	8	7	4
Portneuf	8	6	5	4	3	3	2	4	4	1	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5
Raft River	5	....	3	....	1	....	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	....	2	2	2	3
Rigby	13	6	....	3	....	2	....	2	....	....	3	2	2	1	1	4	6	6	2
Roosevelt	....	....	....	....	1	....	3	....	4	....	2	1	3	1	4	1	7	6	4
St. George	10	....	7	....	4	....	5	....	7	2	2	2	5	1	3	3	6	2	5
St. Johns	5	3	4	1	2	1	1	1	....	....	1	1	1	....	....	2	3	2	3
St. Joseph	16	12	....	6	....	3	....	11	....	6	11	11	11	11	....	8	12	12	12
Salt Lake	13	....	12	....	9	....	5	....	12	1	10	10	11	11	11	11	12	7	7
San Francisco	10	9	9	7	7	3	6	8	7	6	8	3	6	3	....	7	8	6	....
San Juan	3	....	3	....	2	....	1	....	3	....	2	....	1	1	....	2	2	2	3
San Luis	3	....	3	....	1	....	1	....	3	....	2	3	3	....	....	1	3	3	2
Sevier	8	7	8	5	5	4	6	6	7	1	4	3	3	1	....	6	8	7	8
Sharon	7	....	4	....	3	....	2	....	4	....	3	1	3	....	....	2	4	3	4
Shelley	9	4	9	4	5	3	3	4	7	2	5	4	5	1	3	3	9	6	1*
Snowflake	12	7	8	3	5	1	5	6	5	7	5	4	3	1	2	4	7	5	7
South Davis	8	....	7	....	4	....	5	....	6	1	4	2	4	1	3	5	6	3	4
South Sevier	8	7	7	7	4	4	4	4	5	2	2	1	2	1	....	2	6	2	1*
South Sanpete	7	....	7	....	4	....	4	....	5	2	4	2	7	2	3	1	6	6	1
Star Valley	11	....	10	....	7	....	5	....	7	3	8	6	7	4	5	5	7	3	6
Summit	14	4	4	3	2	1	3	1	1	....	2	....	3	....	....	2	4	....	....
Taylor	....	....	....	....	6	....	2	....	5	3	4	1	4	1	3	4	5	3	2
Teton	7	3	....	3	....	2	....	2	1	2	2	1	....	1	....	1	3	2	1
Timpanogos	6	5	5	2	3	3	5	4	5	2	2	1	4	1	1	4	5	3	2
Tintic	4	4	3	4	2	2	....	3	1	1	1	1	....	....	....	1	3	3	1
Tooele	11	6	....	4	....	3	....	3	....	2	2	3	1	3	3	2	5	2	1
Twin Falls	4	....	3	....	....	....	1	....	3	....	1	2	1	2	1	1	3	3	3
Uintah	9	5	8	1	2	2	2	1	6	2	6	....	5	3	....	6	8	5	3
Union	6	....	5	....	3	....	1	....	4	3	4	2	3	2	3	3	2	2	3
Utah	9	8	9	7	8	4	5	7	8	1	8	3	5	3	4	6	9	6	2
Wasatch	9	....	6	....	6	....	3	....	4	....	3	2	4	3	3	5	6	2	4

Report of Accomplishments for Dec. 1932

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake	No. Wards Reporting	No. of Wards in which Depts. are functioning in increasing membership		No. Wards whose avge. attendance is 2/3 or more of their enrollment		No. Wards having completed class discussions and activities to date		No. Wards having secured Era quota	No. Wards having completed during the past 3 months courses as outlined in the Activity Manual in:					No. Wards conducting a Senior Dance	No. Wards having held Sun. Eve. Joint Session	No. Wards having used Era Program.	No. Wards having conducted a Christmas Ball
			YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL	YM	YL		Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling				
Wayne	7	....	6	....	5	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2	2	2	5
Weber	9	....	6	....	4	....	2	....	5	....	....	2	1	3	2	3	4	6	3	3
West Jordan	8	....	7	....	3	....	5	....	7	....	....	7	4	6	3	4	5	7	5	3
Woodruff	4	....	4	....	1	....	....	....	2	....	....	3	4	3	3	3	1	4	4	2
Yellowstone	10	....	6	....	5	....	4	....	5	....	....	1	2	....	2	....	....	6	6	3
Zion Park	7	....	5	....	5	....	5	....	4	....	2	2	3	3	....	....	4	5	5	3
Calif. Mission	42	24	27	12	11	12	13	20	25	5	15	12	13	14	10	9	25	....	....	22
Canadian Mission	8	....	4	....	....	....	3	....	3	....	2	....	3	2	2	....	....	3	2	....
Northern States	12	7	7	2	2	5	5	4	4	1	4	3	4	4	3	2	5	5	2	4
Northwestern States	17	12	12	9	9	10	10	11	11	6	6	5	5	5	3	6	12	10	....	9
Western States	....	4	....	....	....	....	2	....	3	....	1	2	2	1	1	....	....	4	4	2
Texas Mission	5	3	....	2	....	2	....	....	1	....	1	....	....	....	....	....	....	3	2	1

*Stake.

We are pleased to note according to this month's report that the Stakes are doing many interesting things during the activity period other than those outlined by the General Board. They include the following: A study of literature, interior decorating, etiquette, magazine appreciation, history, art, gardening, cooking, book reviews, current events, handcraft, health subjects and lectures, first aid, travelogues, debating, nature study, sewing.

Hearts Can Ache Too

Continued from page 266

drinking in the tang of the cedar under the sun. "Colie!" she called.

Colie came quickly.

"That was a beautiful sleep you had. Better now? Stay right there and I'll make you an egg-nog. It's orders." When she came back she carried two glasses. "I'm under orders, too, if you please, but I've no complaints." She propped her patient up and gave her the glass, and seating herself in the comfortable old rocker that had been marked for her, sipped her drink with evident satisfaction.

WHEN Colie leaned over to take Mary's glass she found two young arms holding her tight.

"What if I'd get well, Colie?" Mary's voice was filled with hope. "What if I'd get my book done? If I don't get well here in this heavenly spot, I ought to die. In my wildest dreams, Colie, I never hoped to lie on a soft cot on a screened porch in the midst of—such." She took in all within her vision in her outstretched arms. "And that lake! It laps the shore like something alive. At first it frightened me. Then I fell asleep to the rhythm of it. Maybe we could take a long walk tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow—nor the next day. Orders say—not for ten days, but there's reading enough to keep you content. Are you rested enough to read another chapter in our story?"

The patient was, and the happy young voice so belied the pallor of the cheeks that the scolding red squirrels stopped to listen, and ponder about it.

It was a beautiful spot to which the poor sorely oppressed ones had been transported. There was a huge trumpet vine trying its best to wall up the south end of the porch. There was a carpet of springy moss laid from the doorstep to the water's edge, and there was a mingling of strange perfumes on the breeze, along with the odor of pine and cedar.

And how happy were the transported ones! Mary, propped up comfortably on her cot, read aloud, and her companion in that comfortable rocker, such as she had never

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Advertisers in The Improvement Era may be depended upon. Patronize them

Company	Page
Beneficial Life Insurance Co	Back Cover
Brigham Young University	315
Deseret News Press	318
Eastman Kodak Stores, Inc.	319
Excelcis Products Co.	316
First Securities Corporation	Inside Front Cover
Grant, Heber J. & Co.	316
Ghirardelli, D. Co.	319
Hotel Temple Square	319
K. S. L.	Inside Back Cover
L. D. S. Business College	317
Quish School of Beauty Culture	318

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known in all her hall bedroom years, listened enraptured. The only interruptions were the greetings of the creatures of the wood—birds, squirrels, chipmunks, with the occasional staccato call of the old bull moose to his lady-love. And, then the nights! Oh, the wonderful nights of peace and serenity—far, far from the clanging of street cars, the ring of horses' hoofs on pavement, automobile horns, radios—city strife.

The ten days passed quickly.

"I've just been spoiling for a walk," said the nurse. "Let's follow this trail." Each day the walk was a little longer until the whole stretch of woods was familiar to the two explorers, and before long the nurse was deposed, and the ex-patient was pampering her unduly. A typewriter had been sent for, and received. The book was coming on, slowly; but the weekly reports had become rare sparkling friendly letters, filled with the joy of this new life, letters that the man who was stifled by hot rooms and sizzling pavements, and burdened with the woes of his fellow-man, watched for eagerly. His replies, too, were a joy to Mary. He knew the woods. Knew their section of it as he knew the human anatomy. He told them where the beaver colony was to be found; and that cool, crystal spring just across the neck of the lake; the jungle of red raspberries that hid the old tumbled-down mill, along the railroad. He also knew that right in the shade of that old mill the finest fishworms could be found.

Mary was not versed in fishing and hunting, but the doctor was, and he loved to air his knowledge. It was the next best thing to doing it, himself.

ONE day a canoe was unloaded by an Indian lad who announced that Dr. Burke said he was to stay and teach the young lady to handle the paddle; and before he left a brand new shotgun and a twenty-two arrived. These, too, the Indian taught Mary to use.

There were days when the black shadow hovered near, reminding the girl that she should be dying—for how could she go on living when the doctor was waiting for her head; but, resolutely she put away the reckoning, and lived from day to day—happy—gloriously happy.

Then the serpent crept into the paradise.

Mary was hurrying along the homeward trail, with a speckled trout in her basket, and her rod over her shoulder. The newness was worn off the khaki outfit, and the bronze hair was blowing in the breeze and glistening in the sun just as the doctor had known it would. It was nearly time for the train to pass and the fisher-girl had to get down to the platform in time to throw the doctor's letter—weighted to make sure it would carry—into the side door of the mail car as it whizzed past. Violet eyes were sparkling with life, and the lips that had once been drawn with pain, were smiling at the thought of what the doctor would say when he received her letter telling him that she had been poaching, pleading for leniency on the ground that "Colie needed a scrumptious grouse dinner, hot biscuits, and raspberry pie."

She was racing down hill and just around the bend in the trail she ran into him. He didn't look like a serpent. No wonder Mary didn't recoil, and scream.

Arthur Harrison, he introduced himself, explaining that he lived at the lodge across the lake. He was big and out-door looking, and he had a laugh that would warm the cockles of any maiden's heart. He wanted to linger, but Mary remembered her letter and went her way; but when she looked back and saw him standing there where she had left him, looking so lonely, she called to him that they were going to have a spread at five, to which he would be very welcome, if he could furnish credentials to prove he wasn't a game warden.

That was the beginning. The doctor got his letters each week, but they were not the same bits of joy he had grown accustomed to.

COLIE had no fault to find with the new neighbor, but she looked ahead, which Mary would not do. Luckily the book had been finished and sent away before Arthur Harrison came, for he took up all the waking hours of Mary Carroll. They climbed the highest mountain to see the sunrise, they hunted, and they fished, they read, they played, they swam, they canoed—together. The woods rang with their laughter. Four glorious weeks had Mary—then—.

Colie saw her stumbling blindly

up the trail, alone, and hurried out to snatch her to her heart.

"I couldn't explain," Mary sobbed. "I couldn't tell Arthur that I had sold my head. He would hate me for such a gruesome thing. So, I just told him there was a horrible reason; but when he held me close and kissed me—I prayed to die—so that the great doctor might have my head—the head that doesn't ache any more—but, oh, Colie, hearts, too, can ache; and one cannot sell a heart."

After Mary had grown calmer Colie brought the letter from the publishing house that the speeding train had thrown onto the platform in passing. Mary tore it open indifferently, and hope sprang anew. It was an offer for the book—a really good offer.

"I'll go to Dr. Burke, Colie," the girl cried, feverishly excited. "I'll tell him—everything; and I'll —I think he'd let me repay him, don't you, Colie? He's been kind. He'll release me from that horrible bargain—and I'll—."

"The other letter," Colie hesitated, stammered—"isn't that the doctor's writing?"

"Yes," said Mary, still lost in her plans.

"But, the postmark?"

Mary picked it up and looked at the postmark. "The Soo?" she said, scarcely above a whisper. "He must be coming."

She tore the letter open and read it.

"He wants us to come in—tomorrow." She sat staring at Colie. "Must we?" she asked, fearfully.

"It's just as well to get it over with, don't you think," Colie answered cheerily. "He will do nothing to hurt us, surely. He's done so much for us, he would be worse than a fiend to pounce down on us, now?" Colie, too, seemed apprehensive. "What about Arthur? Has he gone?"

"He leaves on the early freight in the morning. I—my answer—oh, Colie, I love him. Pray for me, Colie,"

Colie did pray that night. Her dear one had a taste of happiness, such a wee taste.

The next morning they were up putting the cabin to rights and packing. Colie insisted on taking all her wearing apparel.

"But why?" Mary demanded. "Even if he won't release me from the bargain, we'll come back and finish the summer, won't we? I can't go back. Not yet."

"I can never tell what I'll want to wear," Colie insisted stubbornly, "and it won't be much trouble to bring them back again."

As soon as they were settled in their room Mary phoned the doctor.

"I may as well get it over as soon as possible," she said with a sigh; but when her phone rang announcing the caller, she was sick with fear.

"Please go down with me, Colie. You know him. I won't even know him."

"He'll know you," said Colie heartlessly. She didn't approve of this shrinking from a kind benefactor. Coax as Mary would, tearfully, the twinkly old lady, crossly refused to budge from her room again that night. "I'm going to bed," she said. "If he wants to see me, he'll wait till morning. You can tell him I said so."

MARY dried her tears and dusted a bit of powder on her tanned cheeks, and went down to Parlor B.

A big back was turned toward her, but at the sound of her step, the doctor swung about eagerly.

"Arthur!" cried Mary.

The doctor took the precaution to close the door, then he took the little brown maid in his arms, and held her close.

"Dr. Kevin Arthur Burke," he whispered closed to her ear. "I wasn't satisfied with the head. I had to have the heart, too."

Mary gasped. Then she tried to scold, but she was too happy. She gave it up.

"You didn't have to go to all that trouble," she said honestly. "I was in love with you, through your letters; and then you came, and—and made me miserable."

The doctor's lips silenced hers for a time. After awhile when speech was possible again, she demanded an explanation.

"How did your letters keep coming?"

"Mailed 'em back to be remailed. You see, my little wild one, you were so in love with *me* that you didn't notice how stale my letters were."

"And, Colie, too." Mary wondered at the perfidy of the twinkly old lady. Then she remembered her message and delivered it, and

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the doctor's laugh was good to hear.

"A grand old lady," he said admiringly. "Ask her if she'll be rested enough to attend a wedding tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" said Mary. "Then we can go back to the lodge on our honeymoon?"

"Wherever you say, Sweetheart."

"I'd love it," Mary sighed blissfully. "But she must come back, too, our Colie." Then she told him about the twinkly old lady bringing all her belongings away with her.

"Oh, I say," said the doctor, "she can't think we'd desert her. Tell her—tell her," he said. "But, wait, there's a phone here. We'll call her up. You see," he explained, grinning, "I paid too much for that pretty little migraine head to risk losing it—now. You might never come back if I let you get away—even for a moment."

"Silly!" laughed Mary. "I'll tell her we're both coming up. She might be lonely, Arthur—Doctor."

"Keep on with the Arthur, I like it," said the doctor. He gave the call, and then Mary took the phone,

"He won't release me, Colie," she gurgled, "and we're coming right up, for he has something to say to you."

THE twinkly old lady had just time enough to rout the clouds and call up the twinkles before they were there, and Mary was hugging her, and asking her whatever did she mean by thinking she could desert them now, when they loved her so.

"You don't want an old lady like me hanging around on your honeymoon," Colie's cheery tone was asking assurance.

"Just try and get away from us," said the doctor in the same gentle tone he used that first evening so long ago, when he thought she was Mary Carroll. "We're going out now," he added quickly when he saw a tear in the twinkly lady's eye, "so you can get your beauty sleep. No shenanigan now!" He drew her into the crook of his arm, and lifted her chin with his free hand. "Do you hear me? No shenanigan."

"No shenanigan," said the twinkly old lady, with a wink at Mary.

And when the two happy lovers went their way, hand in hand, the twinkly old lady dropped to her knees by her bed, and burying her face in the cover, wept for sheer joy.

Fangs and Coils

Continued from page 274

feet long, stalking a squirrel. The rattlesnake's ugly, flat heart-shaped head was raised several inches above the ground, while its loathsome body was more than three inches in diameter, and lay in a symmetrical coil ready to strike its prey. Its long string of rattles was making an incessant noise, like rattling small pebbles in a tin can. It had evidently stalked a squirrel to the hole that was directly in front of it, and it was now waiting for the rodent to reappear. However, so intent had he been on taking his prey that he did not see the approach of his natural enemy the King Snake, or us, until we were within a few feet of him. But now he saw us. There was no doubt about it, for the body of the Rattler became bloated and hideous, seemed to increase in size as he lay in that graceful symmetrical coil. His eyes had a glassy stare, the neck was arched in an oblique bow, the heart-shaped head, the continuous whirring rattle, the darting tongue and the pugnacious attitude gave us all too well the impression that this reptile could and would take care of himself. Even the songbirds quieted their singing and the sun for a moment hid behind a cloud. We instinctively shuddered.

Stan was excited and was all for killing the rattlesnake at once—if only to protect our pet—but I made them keep quiet, and watch. The King Snake remained motionless for only a moment. The incessant monotonous whirring seemed to anger him, for he raised his head and moved warily, his eyes became beady, his coils drew closer together, his attitude belligerent. I knew he keenly enjoyed a battle and once started, it would be either death or victory. A strange odor assailed our nostrils. It was sickening and fetid. Dardenella, his eyes glittering, was moving slowly forward toward his

avowed poisonous enemy, his movements deliberate and confident.

WHEN less than two feet away from the rattlesnake he stopped, the upper part of his body raised slightly from the ground, moved back and forth, like he was teasing the rattlesnake to strike. The rattlesnake watched every movement. Within, it was working itself into a frenzy, a fury that could not be controlled. Its body moving slowly in symmetrical coil like a letter "S" with its head on top and tail free to vibrate.

Then the head drew back, and quick as a flash the rattlesnake struck—struck with all the fury of its fat bloated body, and its pent-up wrath. Then it happened! Quick as it was, the King Snake was quicker, the lithe body and head dropped to the ground, and the entire length straightened out so that the rattlesnake fell across him. With one quick turn or flip he had the rattlesnake in his coils, over and over he rolled, cinching his coils closer together, then the death struggle commenced between Fangs and Coils. Which would win—the deadly virulent poison of the rattlesnake, or the deadly constricting coils of the King Snake? It was a primitive jungle contest.

Furiously they fought. Their movements were anything but slow and sluggish. The rattlesnake twisted and turned, struck time and time again to sink his deadly fangs deeper and deeper, injecting its poison freely into the body of the King Snake.

Ferociously as a tiger the King Snake fought. The sharp fangs in his tender body enraged him. He twisted and turned, tying his body into a tighter coil, until his coils were as tight as bands of steel and until his whole shimmering length encircled his adversary.

We were thrilled! Here was a primitive battle in the wilds.

WE could not help but watch the deadly rattlesnake. His struggles finally became more feeble, his strikes less forceful, his body more flacid, and soon it was plainly evident that the fight was nearly over. Slowly and surely the poisonous reptile was being suffocated, and squeezed to death. The coils were triumphant. The rattlesnake did not know the King Snake was immune to his poison.

Now no longer did he offer resistance. His body finally became inert and motionless, except for a few hitching muscles. Coils had really won. He was a true King. He was victorious. We hailed him a conqueror. He merited our admiration.

After some minutes he gradually uncoiled himself, worked his body free, and with the air of a victor, looking neither to right or left, continued in search of his belated dinner.

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Your Page and Ours

A GOOD TEAM—*THE IMPROVEMENT ERA* AND RADIO

ON January 19 a radio broadcast sponsored by *The Improvement* Era was put on the air and followed with another on the following Saturday evening. During the period John D. Giles, circulation manager of the magazine, announced that those who would drop a card to *The Improvement Era* would receive a copy of the November number free, as long as it lasted. More than 500 requests for the magazine have been received up to date and all requests have been granted. It was surprising to note how far the radio waves reach out as requests came from as far away as Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Below are typical letters:

Rapid City, S. D.

Dear Sir:

I did enjoy your talk so much on the radio Thursday evening. I would appreciate a copy of your magazine that you offered.

Sincerely Yours,
Thomas Hopkins.

♥ ♥ ♥

Edgerton, Alta.

K. S. L., Salt Lake City.

Dear Sirs:

I have been listening to the programs of the Latter-day Saint Church for the past three years, and would like to know more about the "Book of Mormon," proved by archaeology. I am writing this to see if you will please send us a sample copy of the *Improvement Era*. If it interests us, we will subscribe for it. We certainly enjoy your music and programs.

Yours Sincerely,
Mrs. Ruth Walrath.

♥ ♥ ♥

Alturas, Cal.

We were listening in on K. S. L. tonight, and am in hopes my letter will reach you in time to receive one of your November issues of the *Improvement Era* free of charge. Would appreciate any pamphlets, etc., in regard to the Church, as we are members of the L. D. S. Church and way out here where we never hear of the Church. Am unable to bring my children up to understand the Church as they should. Therefore, would love any reading that would be of benefit to them.

Yours very sincerely,
Mrs. Charles Fischer.

♥ ♥ ♥

Galt, Missouri.

Dear Sir:

I heard an announcement over your station last evening, January 19, for all listeners in to write for a copy of the November issue of the *Improvement Era*. However, I didn't hear the address so I am writing to your station to see if I can get it.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. C. F. Terry.

♥ ♥ ♥

Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I will appreciate receiving the November issue of the *New Era*. Your program came over very clear and I enjoyed it greatly.

Very truly yours,
S. S. Moran.

♥ ♥ ♥

Elko, Nevada.

K. S. L.

Dear Sirs:

I sure would like a copy of the *Era* that you spoke about over the radio. This is a hospital and it will be passed from one to another to read. Can you tell me if the Church has any literature printed in the Hungarian language.

And can you tell me if Peter Spraynozzle that broadcasts for the woolen mills, is a Danishman or does he impersonate in broken Danish. Thanking you kindly for all favors in advance, I am

Yours truly,
Mrs. Laura Brunson.

♥ ♥ ♥

Daysland, Alta.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me your November issue of the *Era* as per your radio announcement. Your radio station is the best station to which we listen. I am an ex-soldier of the Great War and confined to my bed permanently, but I still get a lot out of life, and listening to your radio station gives me many hours of pleasure.

Yours for success,
Ed. Rooney.

♥ ♥ ♥

Up Near the Montana Border

Dear Brethren:

For several weeks I have been fortunate in being able to listen in on the programs sponsored by the publishing department of the *Improvement Era*. I have enjoyed them very much. In past years we have had the *Era* in our home and it has always been a welcome visitor. We are lost without it at the present time. Dad says, however, he will soon be able to subscribe for it again. Last night I listened attentively to the program and was thrilled with it. The announcement that you had a few copies of the November issue which people could have for the asking, has prompted this letter. I shall appreciate receiving a copy if you still have one when this reaches you. Thanking you for the same and hoping that we will soon be on the subscription list, I am, with best wishes,

Very respectfully,

♥ ♥ ♥

Wanham, Alta.

Gentlemen:

I am located four hundred miles north of Edmonton, and I want to tell you that we, my wife and our boy and our neighbors, enjoy very much your radio programs on the _____ set I purchased for a Christmas gift to the family. Everybody in the Peace River country agrees that K. S. L. is the best station we can tune in on. We, the family, enjoy it more than anybody else here on account of the fact that we are from Salt Lake and the only Mormons here. We have not met one since we left home in 1922. We are well supplied with books and literature of our faith and occasionally do a little work in that line. I would like to get your program of broadcasts so we could have an idea of what is to come on the air and at what time to look for it. I would also like to get the *Improvement Era*. Also I heard before we came here that there was to be printed a copy of the Book of Mormon in a story like form. If it is out, I would like to get it for my boy, who is 14 years old. If you will kindly look into these requests for me and let me know the cost I will be glad to send a money order by return mail and be very gratefully obliged to you.

Yours truly,
A. D. St. Pierre.

♥ ♥ ♥

Holbrook, Arizona.

The Improvement Era.

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading the January number of the *Improvement Era* for 1933 from cover to cover. I find the information inclosed therein to be very elevating. As I am a salesman I find plenty of time evenings to read. I would rather, by far, read the *Era* through than to kill time by sitting in the hotel lobby listening to the conversations of other salesmen, though they are at times very amusing. My only objection would be that the *Era* should be published twice monthly instead of monthly. I enjoy reading worthwhile material.

Sincerely yours,
H. J. Carlson.

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In the group of representative organizations mentioned above we find the Beneficial Life Insurance Company of Salt Lake City, Utah, has enjoyed a very interesting history which we will comment upon briefly.

An extensive survey of the Company's financial statement reflected its SOUND AND LIQUID POSITION, indicated the steps that have been taken to meet the trying conditions of the prolonged financial depression, and showed clearly THE FORESIGHT AND ASTUTENESS OF THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT.

The conclusions we have drawn regarding the Company's fine position follow naturally from a consideration of these figures. In reviewing many statements during the current year of some of the country's leading insurance organizations, WE HAVE NOT FOUND ONE OTHER THAT EXHIBITS A BETTER RECORD THAN THE BENEFICIAL LIFE.

Naturally, to the officers and directors of the Beneficial must be attributed in large part its successful record over a period of twenty-seven years. No organization is better than those who carry on its affairs, and that the Beneficial is held in such high repute in the states where it operates may be stated as evidence of the esteem in which its management is held. We feel that it is no exaggeration to say that THE REPUTATION OF THIS INSTITUTION AND ITS OFFICERS IS SECOND TO NONE IN THE WEST."

The American Review, New York City.

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